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HUSTLER®

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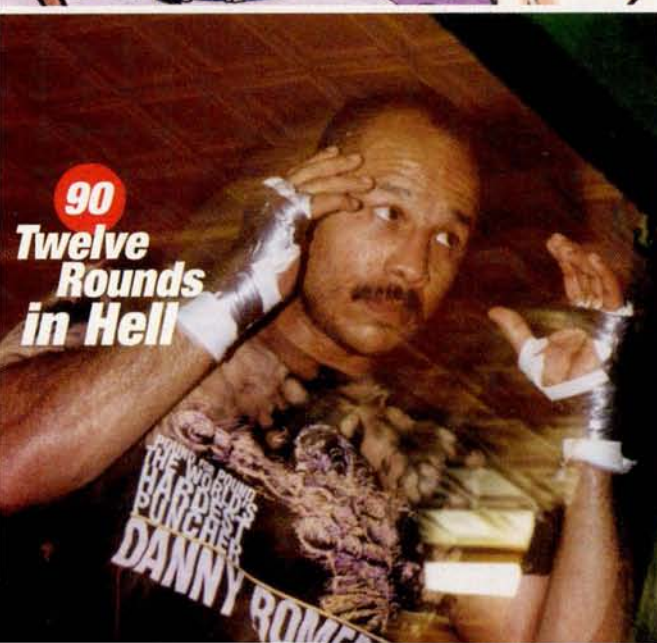
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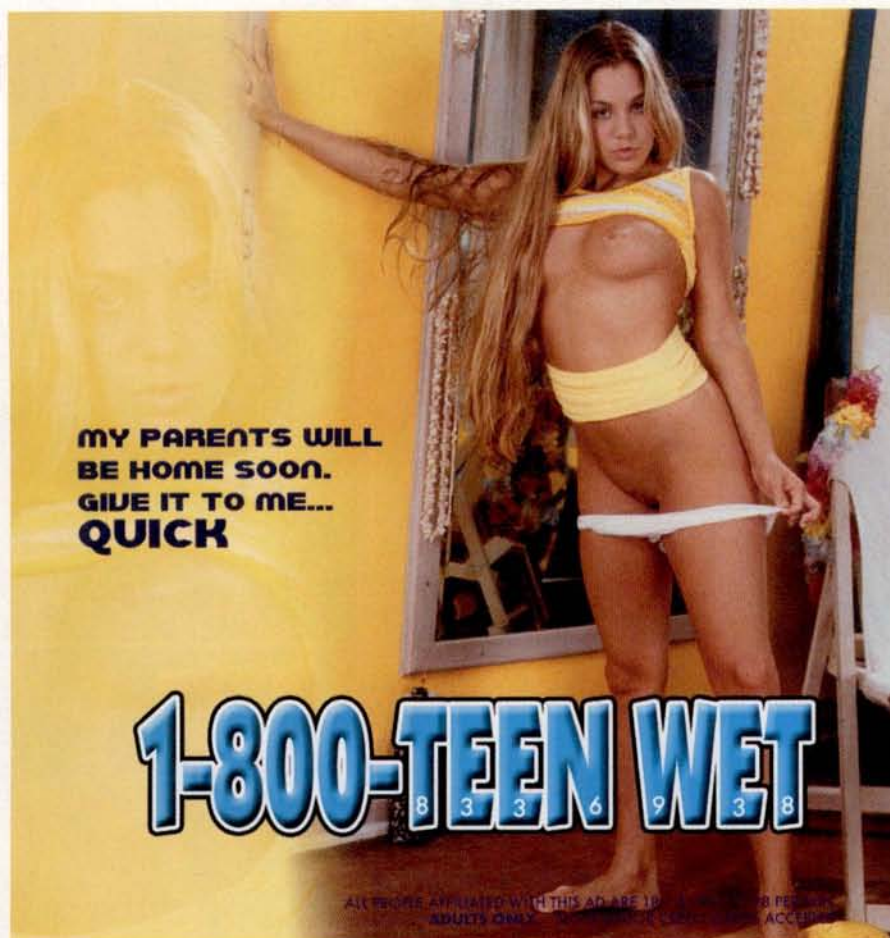
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BE HOME SOON.
GIVE IT TO ME...
QUICK

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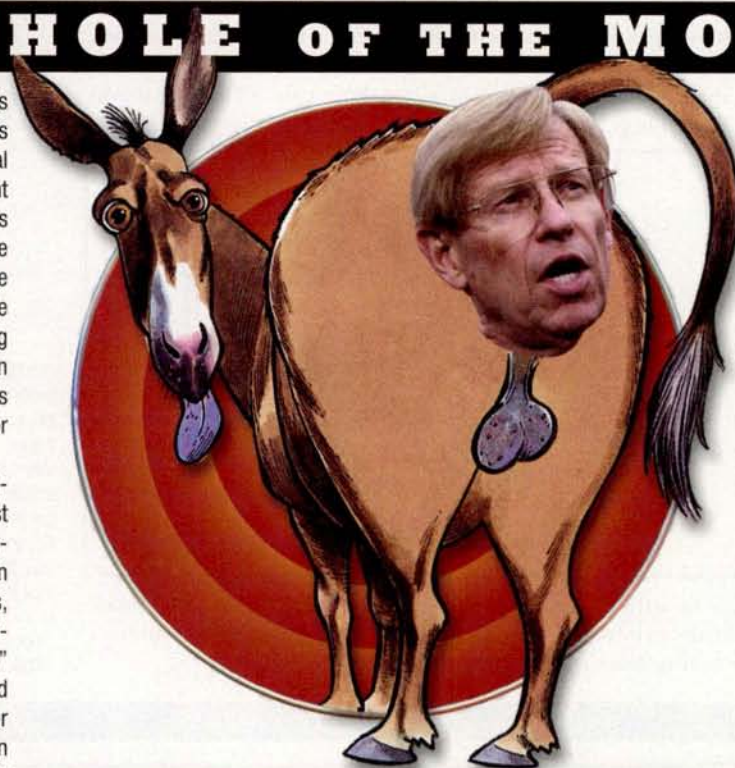
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

You can tell when a lawyer is lying, it's said, because his lips are moving. In U.S. Solicitor General Theodore Olson's case, a different type of orificial animation reveals his deceit. When Olson approaches the bench, there's sure to be odor in the court, wafting from the poop-hole practitioner's perpetually sputtering crap hatch. Thus, a verdict has been reached that Theodore Olson is HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for August 2002.

Olson's fecal motions have muddied the judicial waters for at least two decades. The 61-year-old advocate represented Ronald Reagan during the Iran-Contra hearings, when Remember-not Ronnie presented his laughable "I don't recall" defense. Prior to that, Olson served as assistant attorney general under Reagan, a tenure marked by an Environmental Protection Agency scandal that spurred calls for his resignation and a contempt citation.

Subpoenaed by independent counsel Alexia Morrison in 1987 to testify about his role in a seeming coverup of the EPA stink, Olson first sought to quash the writ, claiming that the independent-counsel statute was unconstitutional. When that failed, Olson offered testimony that Morrison pooh-poohed as "disingenuous and misleading" and "woefully inaccurate."

Later, Olson whined that the request for his honesty was "an extremely difficult burden to undergo...the cost of that emotionally, financially and psychologically is enormous." His questioners, Ted whimpered, were "prone to hyperbole and irresponsible statements."



THEODORE OLSON

Olson's disdain for burdensome investigations, reckless charges and independent counsels abated shortly after Bill Clinton's 1992 election. A board member and attorney for conservative rag the *American Spectator*, Olson played a crucial role in that magazine's Arkansas Project, a five-year campaign to discredit Clinton funded by Richard Mellon Scaife, a dry-drunk billionaire with a pathological hard-on to unseat our former President.

The *Spectator's* very participation in such partisanship was at odds with its tax-exempt status. As the magazine's legal representative, he might have mentioned this. Instead, Olson hosted the project's initial

1993 meeting in his Washington law office. Shortly after, he pseudonymously penned a hit piece cataloging an array of "possible crimes" committed by Clinton, none of which he was even charged with.

A longtime friend of Whitewater independent counsel Kenneth Starr, Olson also represented chief Starr witness David Hale. When Starr, dismayed by the increasing speciousness of the investigation, considered stepping down, Olson urged him not to, hinting that "a historic prosecution" was imminent. Uncoincidentally, at about that time, Olson was privately coaching Paula Jones in her bullshit sexual-harassment lawsuit.

Publicly, Ted fretted that if Clinton were found to have fibbed, "it would be hard to explain to your children how important it is to tell the truth."

Olson's false regard for honesty reached a hypocritical zenith in May 2001, after he was nominated for his solicitor general position.

Questioned at his confirmation hearing about the Arkansas Project, Tall-tale Ted flatly stated, "I was not involved in the project in its origin or its management." Days later, he waffled, "I do recall meetings, which I now realize must have been in the summer of 1997." Both accounts contradict project records showing that Olson's law firm received more than \$14,000 in payments from March to August 1994.

Olson's devotion to deceit was largely a matter of obfuscation until March 2002, when he sought to make lying official policy before the Supreme Court in a case brought by American widow Jennifer Harbury. Harbury, whose husband was ordered killed a decade ago by a Guatemalan soldier on the CIA payroll, is suing the government for falsely denying knowledge of her spouse's whereabouts.

Opined Olson, "It's easy to imagine an infinite number of situations where the government might legitimately give out false information."

Ted's "infinite number of situations" apparently excludes a President quibbling about extramarital dalliances. Lies that hide U.S. complicity with Guatemalan death squads, however, are fine.

Olson may lack all sense of proportion, but an honest observer recognizes him as a gigantic Asshole.

FARTS IN THE WIND

Chante Mallard: A Fort Worth, Texas, nurse's aide, Mallard apparently felt no professional obligation to heal the sick after plowing her car into Gregory Biggs. According to police, Mallard drove home with Biggs stuck headfirst in her windshield and parked in her garage, where he bled to death over the next few days.

Mallard periodically popped in to apologize, but offered no help. "I'm going to have to come up with a new word" for Mallard's inaction, said a local prosecutor. Maybe Asshole will do.

Bernard Goldberg: Former CBS News "insider" Goldberg recently published *Bias*, which purports to prove that the

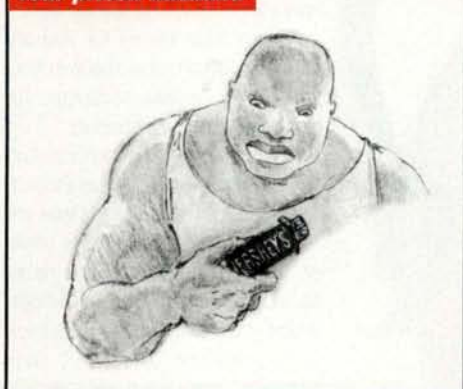
media harbors a liberal agenda, despite ubiquitous right-wing shells such as Rush Limbaugh and Fox News. Among Goldberg's evidence is a *New York Times* article rife with "male-bashing"; Bernie fails to note that the piece was a Science Desk about insects. Goldberg is partial to being an Asshole.

Gentlemen, Start Your Crayons

Retch-a-Sketch

If you're an artist and lack the money, drive and/or pretension to attend a legitimate art school, HUSTLER and Eros Books present the Second-chance Art Contest (SAC). Unlike traditional competitions conducted by tony institutes of higher learning, we don't care a fuck what you draw. Send us your illustrations of anything. For instance, it can be...

Your prison husband



Your wet dream



All finalists will be rewarded with a bounty of erotic comic literature from Eros Books, as well as a Second-chance Artist Certificate printed on genuine paper. The grand prize winner's work will be published in an upcoming issue of HUSTLER.

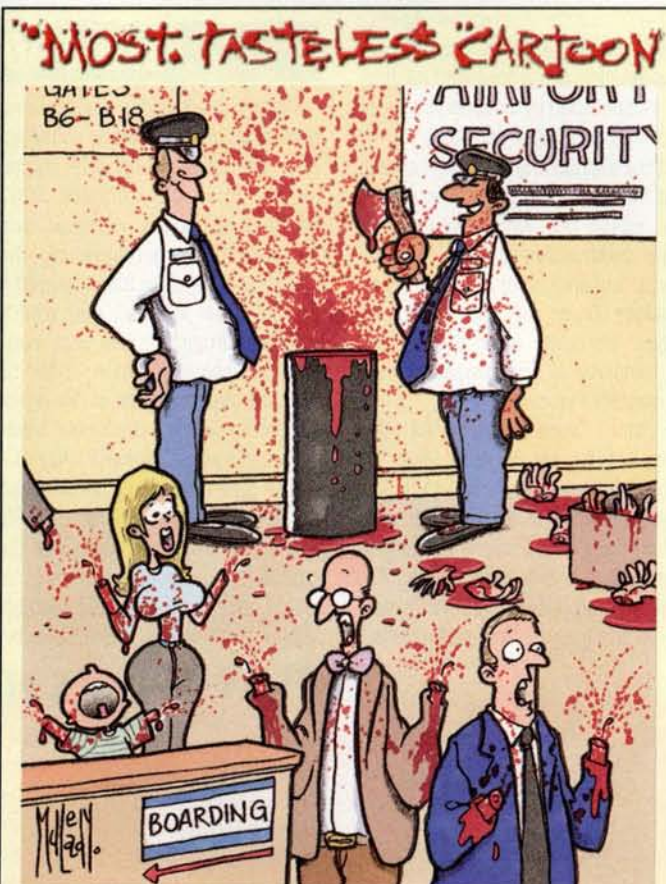


RULES: Draw or paint any subject you like and enter as many times as you wish. Both color or black and white are acceptable. Paper must be no bigger than 8 1/2" x 11". Submission deadline is July 15, 2002. No entry fee required. Professional artists, art students or anyone owning a beret are not eligible. Send to: HUSTLER SAC, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Be sure to include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the items returned. No entry fee is required. To prepare for the Olympics, our judges will accept monetary bribes (make the check out to "CASH").



"Dear Journal: Dad and me had another great 'bowling night.' Mom wonders why we never bring home a trophy, but if she knew the gutters our balls have been in, she'd strike Dad something fierce."

R. M., of Aurora, Illinois, receives \$150 for this photo of touching family values. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



"I figure if someone gets by me with a box-cutter, they're sure as hell not gonna be able to use it!"

Watch Towers

Found Zero

Millions of dollars were spent to remove the Twin Towers from movies such as Ben Stiller's *Zoolander*, the John Cusack romance *Serendipity*, *People I Know* starring Al Pacino, and the summer blockbuster *Spider-Man*. With recent innovations in home electronics, will it be long before you can apply the same technology Hollywood uses to sanitize snapshots of your own reality? Perhaps...



Microshill
Windoes x-punge
WTC Replacement Software for your P.C.B.S.
(Patriotically Correct Bullshit)

KEEP AMERICA MOVING! Our special technology allows you to enjoy vacation memories without triggering emotional trauma.



NOW MORE THAN EVER! Look! Thanks to **Windoes X-Punge**, the St. Paddy's Parade is fun again!

Video Killed the Media Stars

Talking Head Games

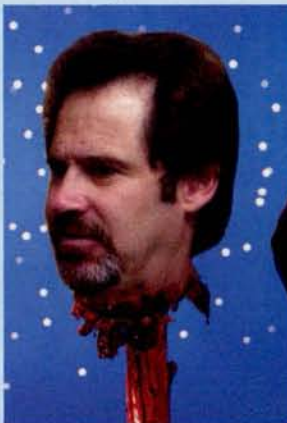
Wall Street Journal reporter Daniel Pearl's senseless murder by a Pakistani militant group proved two things: (1) Terrorists are motherfucking cowards, and (2) they have no sense of capitalism. What's the point of disgusting the civilized world and gaining nothing by butchering an unknown journalist? The terrorshits could have opened an endless revenue stream to finance their evildoing by killing a quasinews celebrity with genuine resale value and packaging the video footage as follows:



Floating in Limbaugh. Terrorists use **Rush Limbaugh's** ample frame as a **wading pool** in this instructional swimming video.



Where's Geraldo? This **interactive video** has young **terrorists** seeking the scattered **remains of Geraldo Rivera**.



The Late Show with the late Dennis Miller. The former **Monday Night Football** **windbag** does the unthinkable: **keeps quiet**.



Bill O'Reilly Factors **Spring Break Kashmir.** When **extremists** **cut loose** in the most contested piece of real estate this side of the **West Bank**, temperatures are sure to rise!

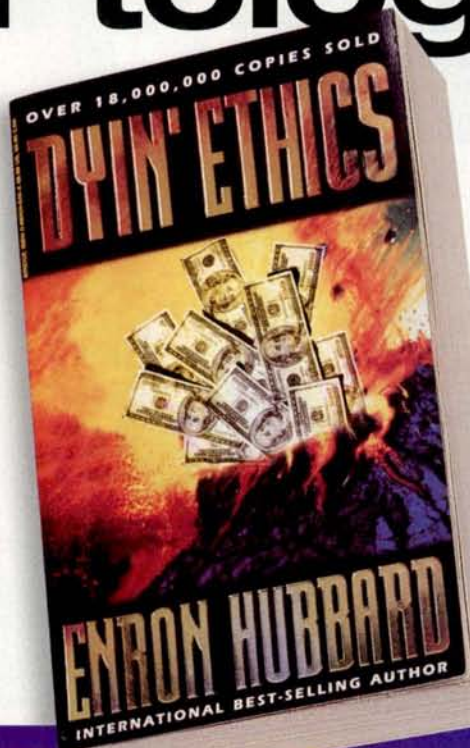
PARODY NO SUCH PRODUCT EXISTS. TRIVIA FACT: THE TWIN TOWERS WERE MIMICKING NELSON AND DAVID, AFTER THE ROCKEFELLER BOYS, THOUGH THE BUILDINGS HAVE FALLEN, THE EGGS REMAIN INTACT.

SATIRE. HUSTLER DOES NOT ENDORSE THE KILLING OF ANYONE. MEDIA GASBAGS' SEVERED HEADS SHIPPED INTO OUR FUN-AND-GAMES SCENARIOS.

Sect-ual Stealing

Lyin' tology

Despite Enron's plummeting stock prices and rising stench of corruption, some companies are still interested in purchasing the energy-broking snake den. HUSTLER suggests that L. Ron Hubbard's pay-to-pray Church of Scientology, which for years has hawked its self-help tome *Dianetics*, is the perfect organization to helm a corporation whose bosses were so doggedly devoted to helping themselves.



Chapter 11

ECONOMIC TERRORISM

Economic terrorism is that which has less bloodshed than traditional acts of violence, but which nevertheless results in equal amounts of heartbreak and ruined lives. Despite the fact that proof of this practice existed before Enron, no one can deny that successfully screwing 20,000 employees out of their retirements set what can be called the "gold standard for greed."

Enron adds an additional leaf to economic terror in that it includes *purchasing government*. There are three stages to this phenomenon: *campaign contributions*, by which is meant Enron and its executives spent \$2.4 million on federal candidates, primarily George W. Bush and John Ashcroft; *political favors*, by which is meant Tom White can go from being Enron's vice chairman to George W.'s army secretary, while concurrently, Bush's Budget Director Mitch Daniels and Chief Political Advisor Karl Rove each had \$100,000 worth of Enron stock; and *special interest*, by which is meant the U.S. General Accounting Office must threaten to sue Vice President Dick Cheney before he discloses the details of his one-on-one meeting with then-Enron Chairman Ken Lay.

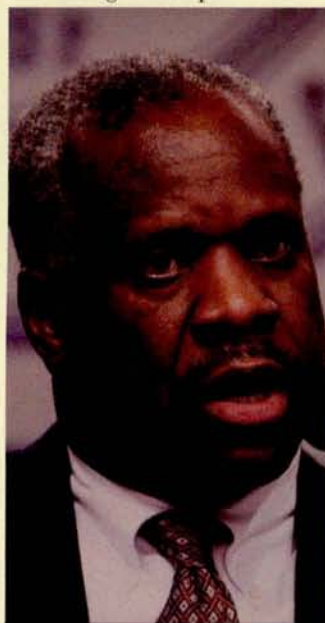
That all acts of economic terrorism will go unprosecuted is, of course, absurd, for there exist, after all, ne'er-do-wells who expect government accountability. Treatment for these truth-seekers includes stonewalling, smoke-screening and creating patsies. These patsies are best when dead, obviously, as they will not retort any of your slings and arrows. Staged suicides are among the most popular methods for

PARODY: NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.

Wash Your Mouth Out With Soul

Race Dismissed

Crest is making great strides in personal vanity with their "dental whitening system." However, HUSTLER knows of a mental blanching technique that's been whitening those vainglorious enough to let it since 1991.



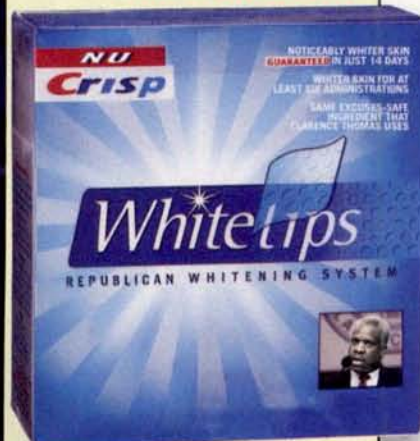
Why do I gotta be black?



Wait a minute.



It's true! I'm white!!!

CRISP WHITELIPS.
WHITE IS ALL RIGHT!

PARODY: NO SUCH PRODUCT EXISTS. FOR A COMPLETE 180-DEGREE RACIAL TURN, USE AFFIRMATIVE ACTION TO ATTEND YALE LAW SCHOOL, THEN BE APPOINTED SUPREME COURT JUSTICE AND ATTACK THE SAME PROGRAM. IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, MARRY IN.

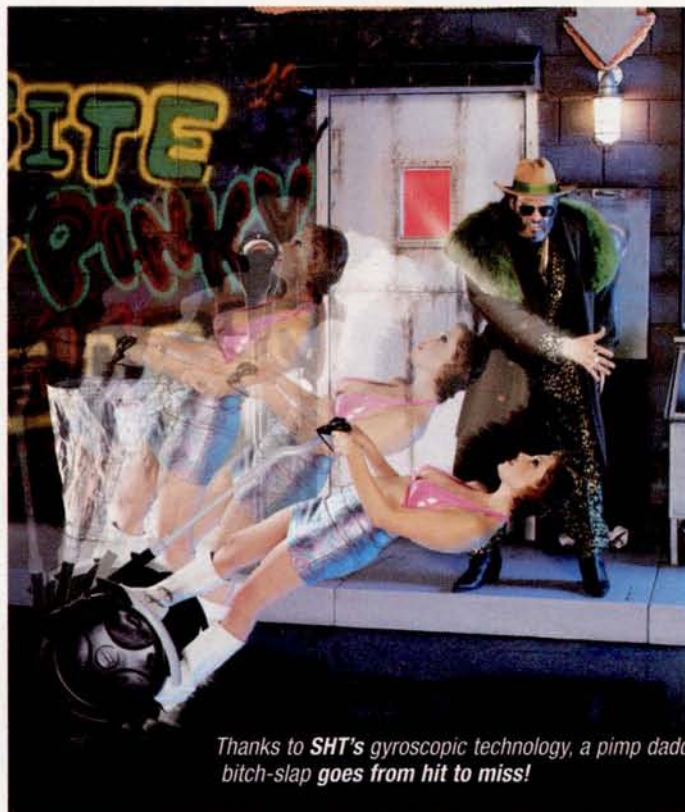
Patent Pandering

Feels on Wheels

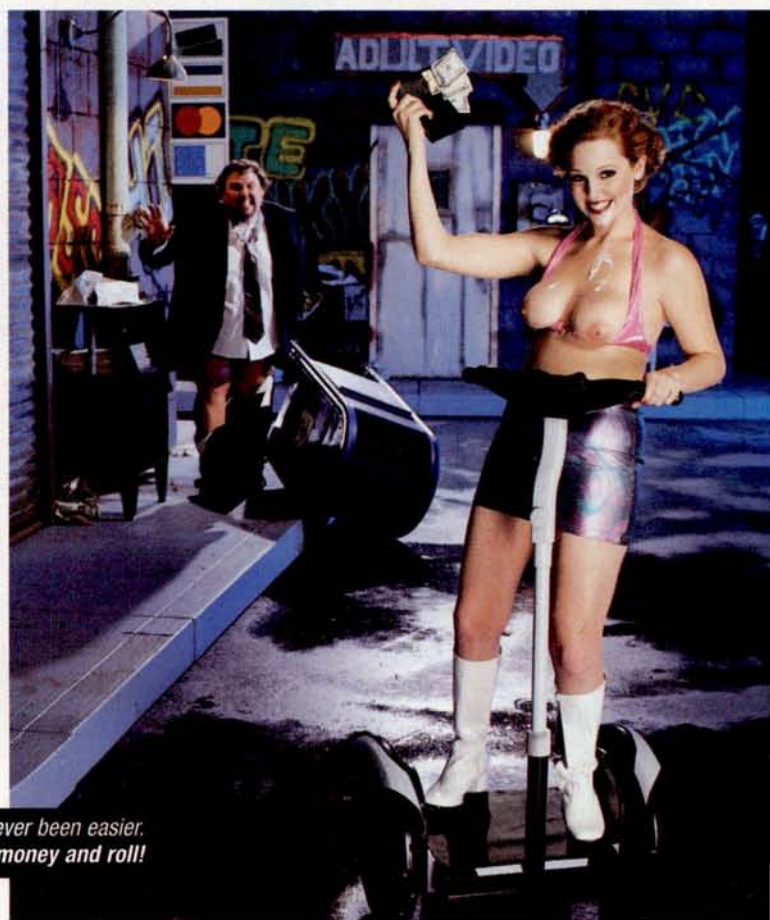
Inventor Dean Kamen's pretentiously titled Segway Human Transporter, or SHT, is sure to confound pedestrians when it begins field runs with the U.S. Postal Service in Atlanta during 2002. HUSTLER knows that letter carriers are not the only streetwalkers who stand to benefit from this innovation. (Of course, after securing \$100 million of investments to produce a techno-scooter, the majority of whorin' has already been done.)



The mobility of SHT provides all the pose potential of a lamppost without having to worry about loitering charges!



Thanks to SHT's gyroscopic technology, a pimp daddy's bitch-slap goes from hit to miss!



*Stealing from exasperated johns has never been easier.
Take the money and roll!*

My Country for a Boob

SATIRE. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. IF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL ACTUALLY CAME THIS CLOSE TO ANY NAKED PEOPLE, HE'D EVAPORATE.



According to the Associated Press, \$8,000 was spent to drape two aluminum art-deco statues from view in the Justice Department's Great Hall. Attorney General John Ashcroft reportedly ordered the artwork covered up because of a—*gasp!*—naked breast. No one asked the statues how they felt about being hidden away, but we at HUSTLER think we know how the Spirit of Justice and the Majesty of Law would react if they could.

Feedback

Delilah Delight

You've outdone yourselves this time. The pages of HUSTLER are always graced with the most beautiful women, but Delilah (*Delilah: Tiny Dancer*, June 2002 HUSTLER) is the finest piece of ass to ever see print. Her face and body are nothing short of dazzling. I especially enjoyed the shots of her pinker-than-pink slit. I'd love to see those gorgeous lips spread and filled with cock. Please see that Delilah returns to HUSTLER.

—G. B.
via Internet

Luddite Lust

I hate computers, but I've never seen a creature as divine as Cecilia from the April 2002 *Beaver Hunt*; so here's my e-mail vote to make her a finalist. I'd love to see a full spread devoted to that woman. I'd let that dom abuse me in any way she liked. A cunt that can inspire me to fire up this infernal contraption deserves kudos.

—A. G.
via Internet

Leather Lover

That chick named Leather in the May 2002 *Beaver Hunt* is the hottest babe I've seen in a while. Her beautiful face and smile instantly lured me in. Her bio says that she's unemployed, but I can see a long nude-modeling career in her future. HUSTLER, please show me more Leather. Make her a finalist.

—J. O.
New York, New York

Cunt Condolences

My uncle passed away recently. He was 64 years old. Two weeks later, I received the April 2002 HUSTLER. Anne: A Screw World Order really

cheered me up. That babe is oozing with sexual energy. Her tanned body and luscious cunt would make a perfect match with my prick. Thanks for raising my spirits and my cock as well.

—R. B.
Garden Grove, California

We're glad that HUSTLER could bring some light to a dark time in your life, R. B. Smut can't do much for the dead, but it sure raises the living.

Power Balls

HUSTLER should start a lottery. The tickets would cost five bucks, and the payoff would be a date with a HUSTLER Honey. The trip would be all-expenses paid, of course. I think that guys would cough up tons of dough for such a chance. You would make an assload of money. My cut would be something like 40%. What do you think?

—J. V.
Zwolle, Louisiana



Delilah: Tiny Dancer



CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue.

We're feeling generous, J. V. Start the lottery, provide your own women, and we'll let you keep all the profits. Just promise that you won't mention us, especially when the police come knocking on your door.

More Beavers, Less Cons

I've been a subscriber for a year and have a couple of comments about HUSTLER. It really pisses me off to see so many inmates writing in. Reading HUSTLER all day doesn't sound like much of a punishment. Also, *Beaver Hunt* deserves more space than just six pages. I think you should up the amount of amateurs from 17 to 37. Kill some of those disgusting ads and give the room to your beautiful Beavers.

—E. R.
Rome, Georgia

If amateurs are what you want, E. R., check out HUSTLER Hometown Girls. Call (800) 537-5309 for a subscription. As far as inmates go, HUSTLER doesn't discriminate against its readers. You'll have better luck begging wardens not to allow their captives pens and paper.

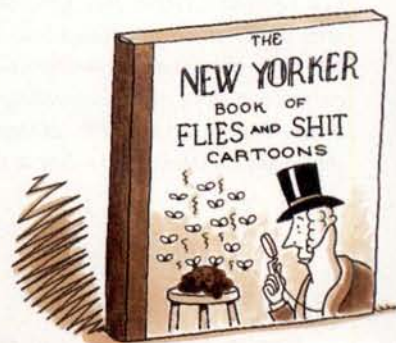
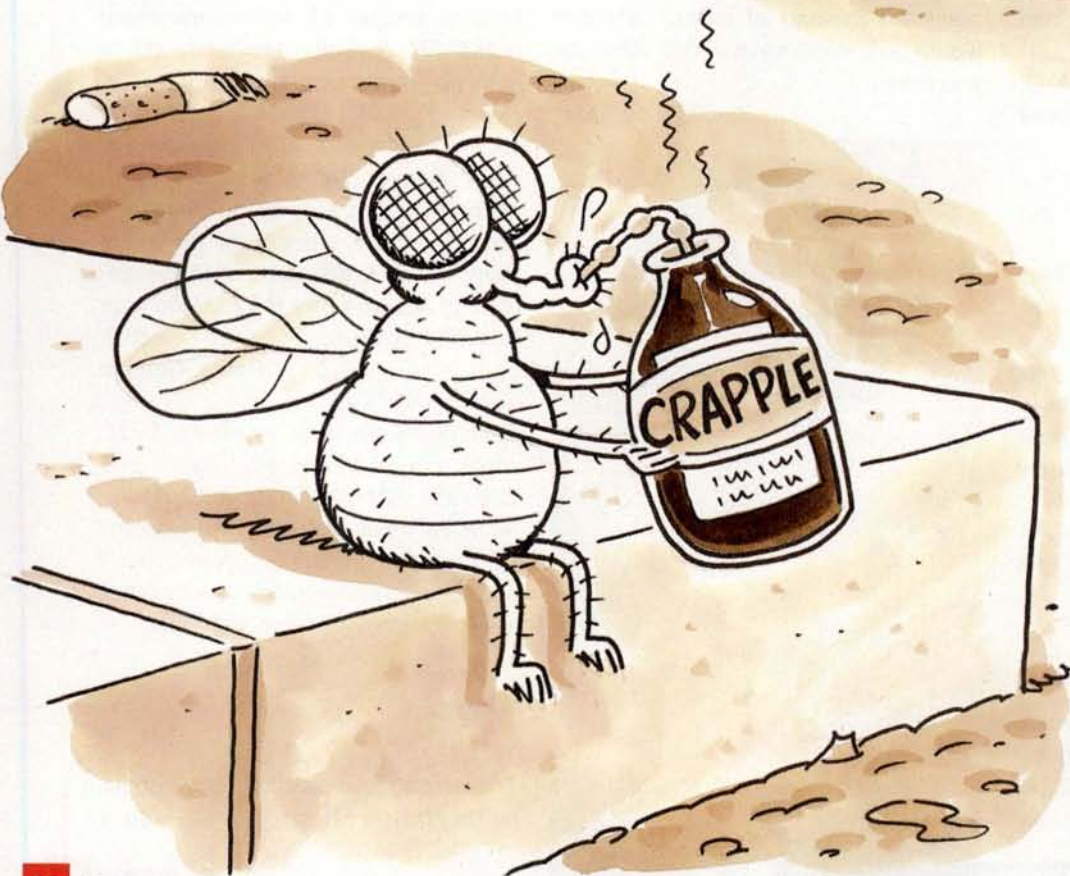
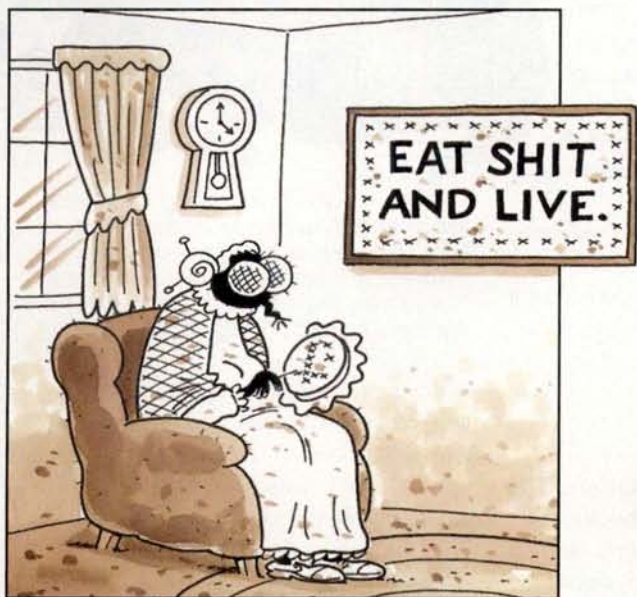
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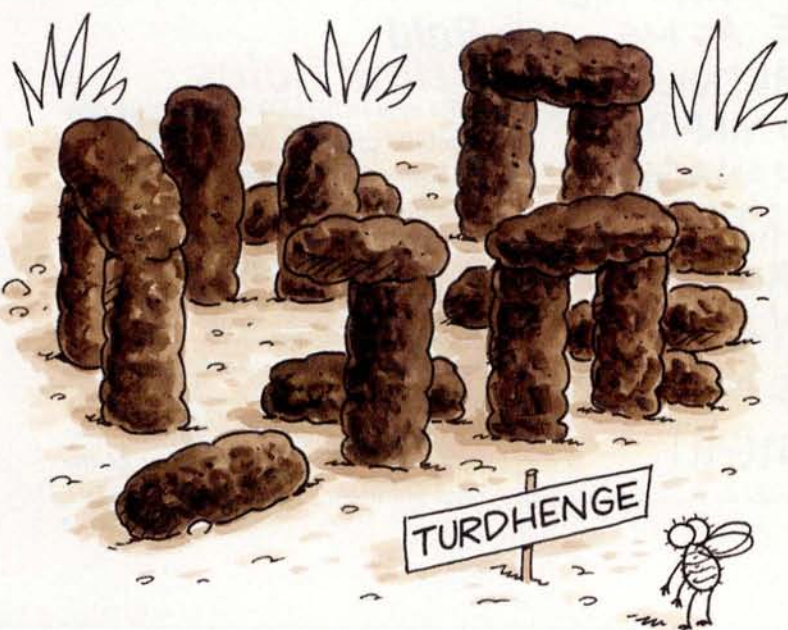
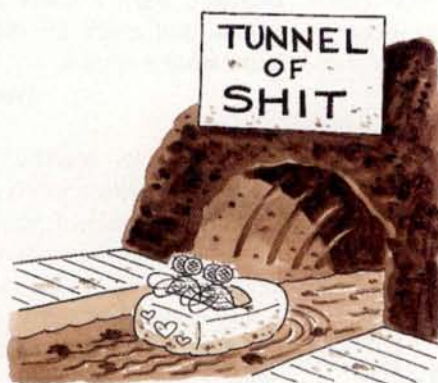
The laws against prostitution are archaic. They do more harm (continued on page 16)



FLIES & SHIT

AN INSECT'S VIEW OF
THE HUMAN CONDITION BY







(continued from page 13) than the "crime" that they purport to eradicate. Prostitutes provide a valuable social service. Those who give sexual relief to the deprived are benefactors of society, not criminals. Sex can be as sublime as a Beethoven symphony or as profound as one of Shakespeare's tragedies. Sex can alleviate depression and anxiety better than any drug, and without harmful side effects. Fucking can lower blood pressure and raise self-esteem. It's time we stopped treating prostitutes as criminals. One good hooker is worth a million priests, politicians and landlords. For this respite, I owe the whores of the world much thanks.

—C. E.
Los Angeles, California

Stiff Lower Lips

I just received the March 2002 HUSTLER and wanted to comment on the layout Diamond: Lip Service. When I saw her huge cunt lips, I dropped everything and went straight for my

joint. I had to buy another copy of the magazine because I ruined my first one with ball-spray. I love women with huge lips and clits. Where can I find more pictures of Diamond? —P. Z.
via Internet

Diamond's lengthy labes appear in the May 2002 TABOO. If your local newsstand doesn't have that edition anymore, call (800) 566-5760 and order the back issue.

Hot Luna

I haven't read HUSTLER in a while. The last issue I have is February 2001, which featured an exotic stunner by the name of Luna (Luna: Dark-Side Poon). Has she appeared in any other issues?

—D. W.
via Internet

Treasure that issue, D. W. Luna has never made another appearance in HUSTLER. It's probably for the best. Luna's voodoo-licious cunt transformed our entire staff into drooling zombies.

Come Correct

There's no doubt that HUSTLER is one of the funniest porn magazines on the market. There is room for improvement though. HUSTLER needs more facials. The anemic dribbles of jizz in the April 2002 issue just don't cut it. If you can't deliver decent loads in your layouts, just run a couple of shots from the American Bukkake videos. That's what I want to see: whores drowning in jizz. The cum-splattering in the March 2002 issue was up to par. I know you're capable of good work. Don't start slacking now.

—Y. A.
via Internet

The Scarlet Letter?

What's with the A symbol on Bucky Beaver's hat? I know I've seen it before, but don't for the life of me know what it means.

—J. H.
Weston, Florida

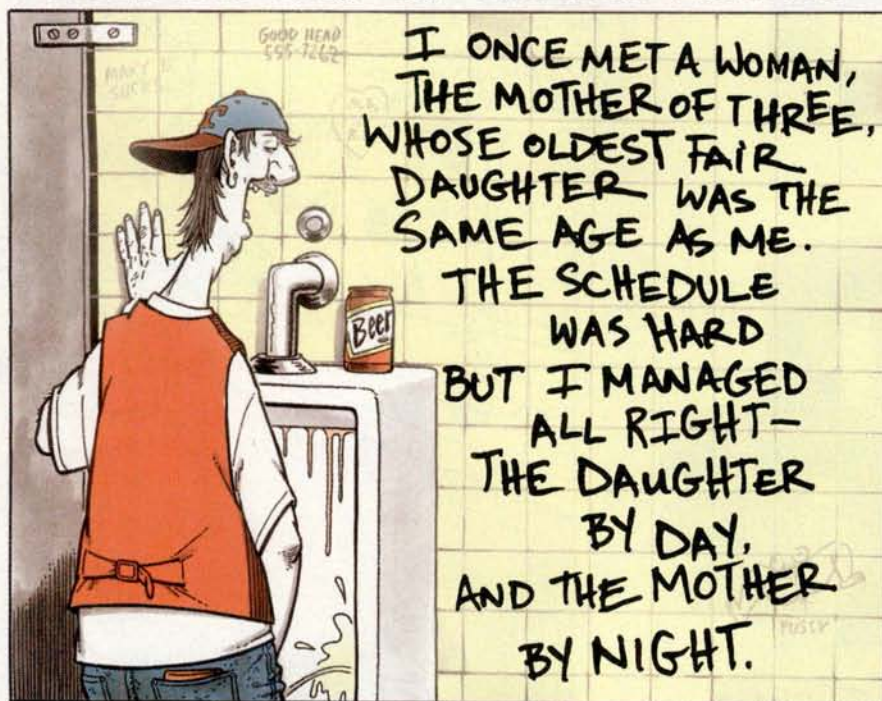
The A stands for "anarchy," though we're betting that Bucky couldn't give two shits about the Makhnovist movement during the Russian Revolution that gave birth to modern anarchy. It's our guess that our beaver bud picked up his hat at a punk-rock show, where the symbol took on a more generic antiauthority meaning. What's it to you, anyway?

Bold New Holes

I'm a new HUSTLER reader. After only a couple of issues, I'm addicted. Your magazine looks fantastic. The stories, pictorials and humor all entertain. I feel compelled to comment on the controversy over Catharine and Henry Jockey for Each Other from the February 2002 HUSTLER. Don't listen to the criticism. I like this layout. I admire your daring and willingness to try something new. That's what separates HUSTLER from the rest of the crap out there.

—J. R.
via Internet

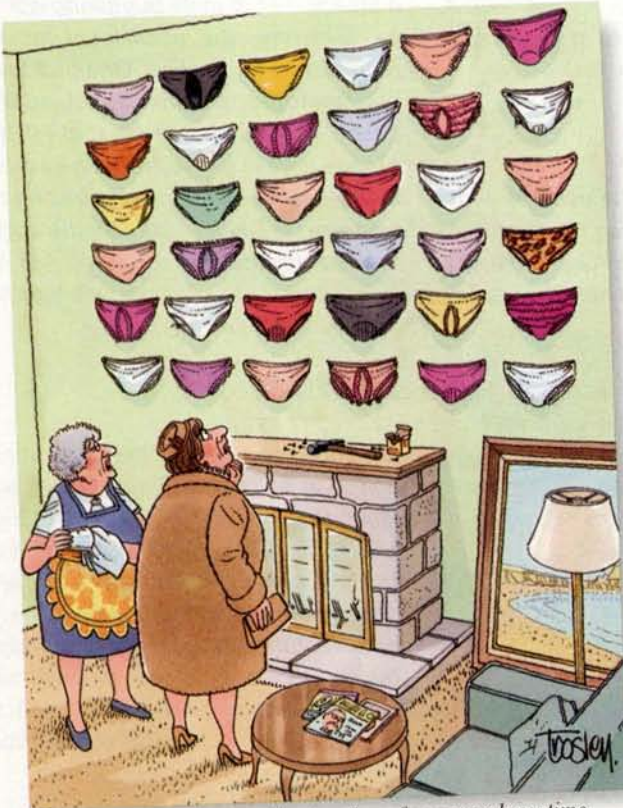
GRAFFITHTHY



Thanks and \$50 go to Jerry M.

HUSTLER

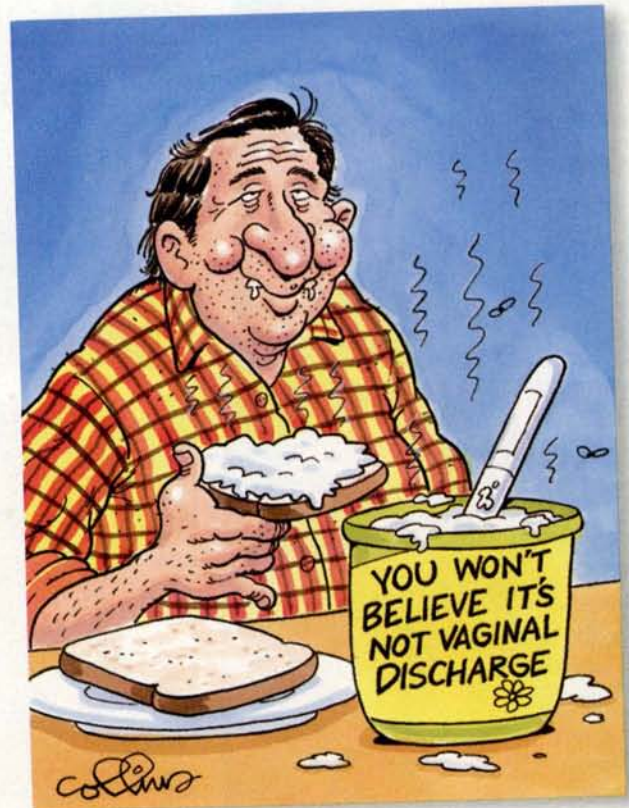
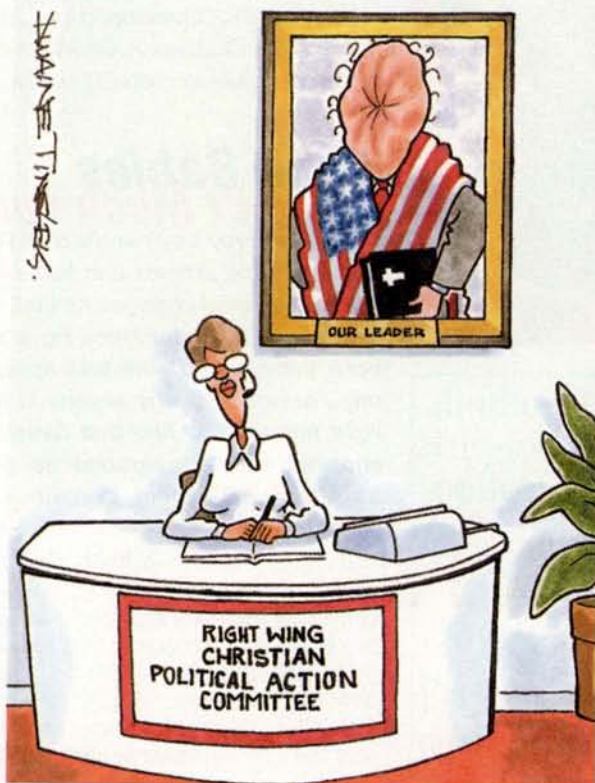
Classic Cartoons



"Well, he has been collecting them for a very long time, and they are from all over the world...."



"Have you tried to sell any pussy in the last two weeks?"





Feedback

"The scarcity of America's Magazine is one of the shittiest things about being deployed in the military. Those fucking Taliban are going to pay."

HUSTLER at War

There's no replacement for HUSTLER. The scarcity of America's Magazine is one of the shittiest things about being deployed in the military. Back home, I live only 500 yards from the new HUSTLER Hollywood in Monroe, Ohio. I stocked up on HUSTLER when I was there last. Now that I've been shipped out, my supply is being shared by 1,300 other Marines. We're only in the

first month of a seven-month deployment to the Middle East, with no hope of fresh mags. Those fucking Taliban are going to pay.

—B. A.

Somewhere in the Atlantic

There Are No Rules

I wouldn't have felt the need to write, but you've been getting so much mail from homophobes and closet *Playboy* readers that I thought commentary on

Feedback-related topics was necessary. First of all, fake tits are okay, but natural boobs are always better. While a steady diet of male buggering would be annoying, the occasional fucked man-butt is interesting. One piss shot per pictorial should be standard. Lesbo scenes should be real—if the tongue ain't in there, it's not a turn-on. Lastly, ignore all the naysayers and do whatever it takes to stay on the edge. We like surprises.

—B. W.

via Internet

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Rubber Sold

I'm very interested in the items mentioned in Mike Kelly's story *Guys and Silicone Dolls* from the April 2002 HUSTLER. The article was intriguing, but failed to include the addresses and phone numbers of the companies who manufacture these amazing sex toys. Please hook me up with this info so I can snag one of these dolls.

—A. B.
Bronx, New York

For the Realdoll, contact Abyss Creations, 850 Armorlite Drive, San Marcos, CA 92069 or e-mail abyss@realdoll.com. The manufacturers of the SuperBabe can be reached at N/C Dimensioning Inc., 21110 Nordhoff St., Chatsworth, CA 91311 or by e-mailing mail@superbabe2000.com.

Dead Babies Aren't Much Fun

I often read my boyfriend's HUSTLER and enjoy the articles and jokes. The April 2002 issue changed all that. The joke about a doctor throwing a still-born baby against the wall appalled me. I'm not sure why anyone in their right mind would find that funny. I'm shocked that a magazine as good as HUSTLER would contain such garbage.

—K. S.

Antioch, California

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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SUNRISE & REX

DOG LAY
AFTERNOON

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY CLIVE McLEAN

"Hello, my pet," Sunrise sighs to her collared slave.

"Woof," Rex answers. The blond animal lover yanks his chain, dragging Rex across the floor.

"Roll over," she smiles, grabbing his red rocket and flicking her tongue on its head. **"Good boy! Are you thirsty for pussy?"**

Sunrise dangles her mound over Rex's face. The leash-bound horndog howls, lapping up her juice. Unable to control herself any longer, the master orders her obedient companion:

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Dear Slut

Jeanna Fine
Tells the
Fucking
Truth

Hot Operator

I have a great body and a sexy voice. I love to tease men and leave them hot and bothered. I've been thinking that phone sex might be the perfect job. What do you know about this gig? Is the pay good? How do I go about talking dirty for a living?

—K. C.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

A phone-sex gig can be extremely lucrative and perfect for those stuck in the house. Best of all, dishing out nasty talk can do wonders for your own love life. Caller requests open your eyes to new (and often bizarre) fetishes, while your responses help you learn more about yourself. You can find these jobs in the classified section of weekly and adult newspapers.

Head Lessons

I'm currently in prison. My woman (on the outside) isn't a very good cock-sucker. I told her to find someone to practice on for when they spring me, but she's not interested in other guys. Can you recommend any instructional videos that will help my woman become a better blower? I'm looking forward to my eventual release and a decent blowjob. The punks in here just ain't cutting it.

—E. S.
Whiteville, Tennessee

Porn fellatrices blow for the camera. These hummers look great, but don't feel as good as a well-done, nontheatrical blowjob. Tell your girl to pick up *Nina Hartley's Guide to Better Fellatio* from Adam & Eve for a real tutorial. Don't pressure your girl to practice on another dude. She might acquire a taste for straight-and-narrow dick.

Fuck Friendship; Let's Screw

I'm a thirtysomething man who has been lusting over a female friend for far

too long. We've been great pals for several years now. We almost fucked once, but we decided not to, for fear that sex might ruin our friendship. I now regret that decision because I've become intensely attracted to the woman. I recently expressed my feelings to my gal-pal, but she didn't believe me. Where do I go from here?

—J. P.
via Internet

There's nothing more disappointing than bad sex with a good friend. Decide what level of involvement you want with this girl and determine the best way to sell her on the idea. If you know her as well as you say you do, it shouldn't be difficult to figure out what she wants to hear. It's not hard to exploit friendship for sexual gain. Compare two worst-case scenarios: a lame fuck resulting in a shattered relationship, and a lifelong platonic friendship with a "pal" you're dying to screw. Take your pick before you make your move.

Long Live Woody

My husband and I have been married for four years. I don't think that his performance is a problem, but he feels that he comes too quickly. The sex is good, but he only lasts a minute or two. We've already tried different products, such as creams and pills, and none of them work. What can we do to make my husband's bone stick around longer?

—J. R.
Macon, Georgia

Examine your attitude toward sex. Unless you're having instant orgasms, a minute-long screw can't be good. While your husband is getting off, he's probably not finding these quickies all that fulfilling either. I'm betting that you carry a certain amount of ambivalence toward fucking.



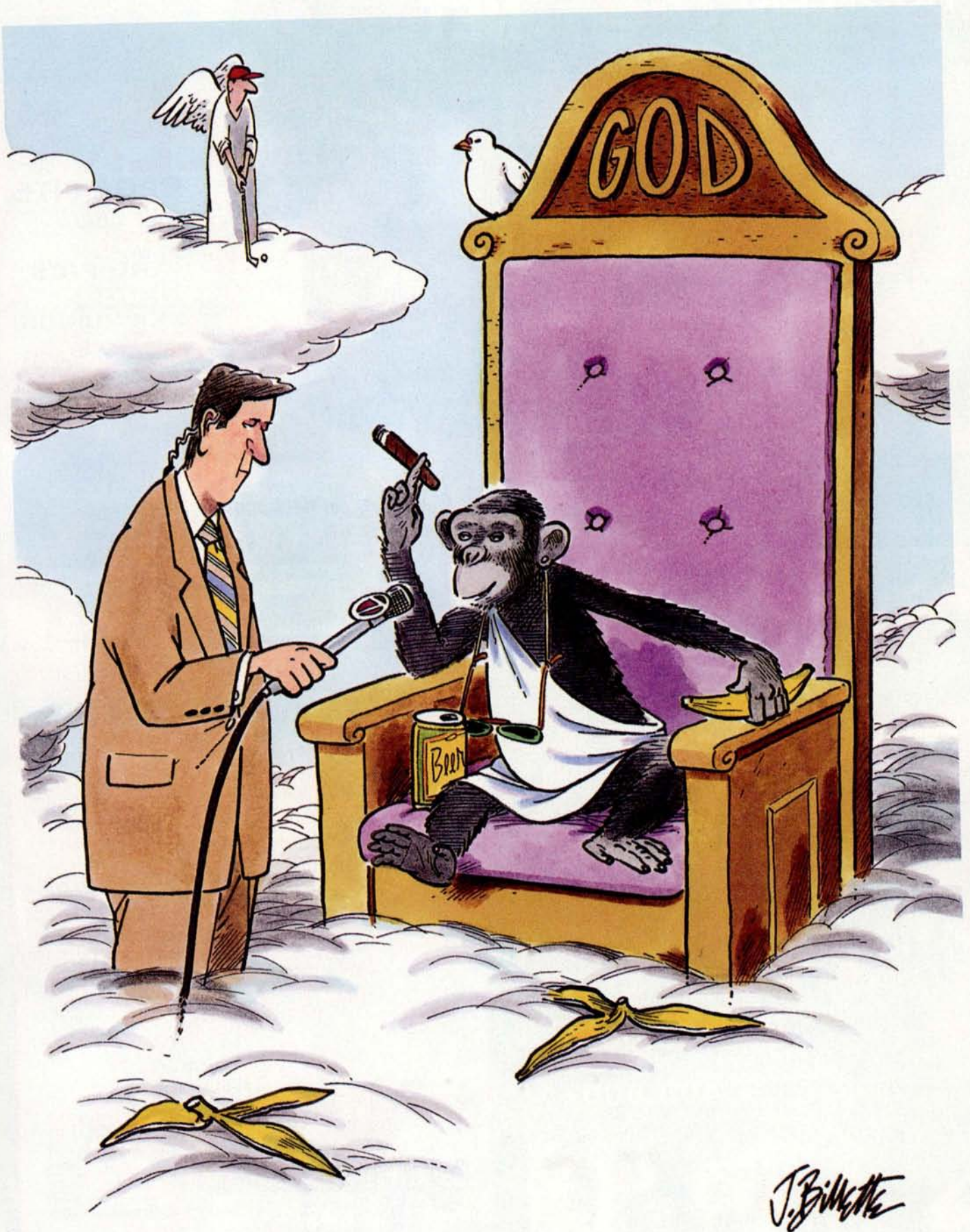
Your hubby's prick senses this negative energy and immediately drops its load. It's time for both of you to dump all of your baggage and start at square one. For the next couple of weeks, masturbate together and have plenty of oral sex. Do everything but insert. Build a brand-new foundation of satisfaction. When you return to boning, things will be different.

Whacking on the Web

Web porn is ruining my marriage. Every night after work my husband retires to his home office. He says that he's working, but I'm not stupid. I empty the trash in that room every day, and the garbage can is always full of used jizz-rags. I've hinted that I'd be into checking out porn with him, but he flatly denies that he looks at smut. I don't have a problem with porn, but sometimes I feel like my husband is disgusted by me and prefers the girls online. What should I do?

—E. M.
Monterey, California

Check out your old man's favorite Web sites while he's away at work. Find images that interest you and use them as visual aids when you masturbate. Later, describe in detail the porn that you saw and what it inspired you to do to yourself. Then drag him into the office and offer to blow or fuck him while he browses his XXX sites. Only the lamest perv would turn down such an offer.



"Yeah, people are surprised when they meet me, especially those antievolution nut-jobs."



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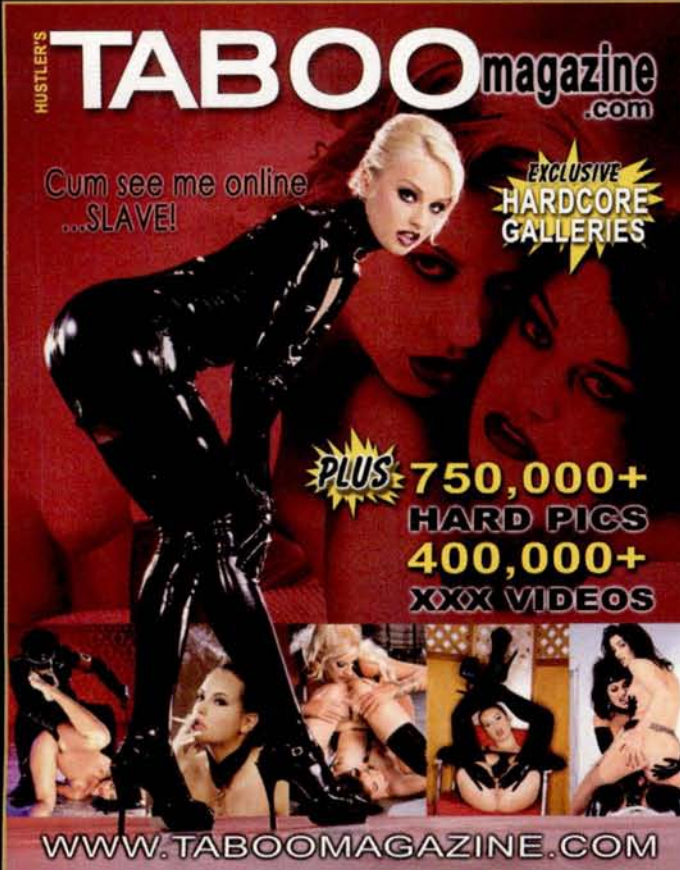
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The Legal Limit

I have a thing for young girls, but I've yet to break any laws. I've heard that the age of consent in Hawaii is 14. Is this true? Can I legally nail a high-school freshman on my next vacation? —J. O. Sweetwater, Texas

Save your money and hire a psychiatrist. The state of Hawaii just raised their age of consent to 16, bringing them up to speed with the rest of the nation. In most states, this age still only applies if you're less than four or five years older than your partner. Everyone else should wait until the object of their desire is 18 before fucking them.

Sit, Stay, Watch

I love masturbating in front of my dog. I discovered my fetish last summer while beating off in my bedroom. I opened HUSTLER and started wanking. Rufus walked in, sat in the doorway and stared. I felt fabulously dirty with my pooch's eyes on me. I don't have sexual feelings toward my pet, but still feel a little guilty. Am I abusing my dog by letting him watch me choke my chicken? —V. P. Nashua, New Hampshire

Congratulations; you've invented a vic-timless kink. The only perverted behavior you're committing is in your mind. Your imagination is allowing you to be titillated by the thought that someone or something is watching you pleasure yourself. As long as you never touch your mutt while busting your nut, you're in the clear.

Pickup King

I work hard, play by the rules and still never seem to get a break with babes. Just once in my life I'd like to pick up and fuck a gorgeous woman. I'm not talking about paying for a hooker, which just makes me feel like a loser. Tell me how to seal the deal in the real world, Jeanna. —E. N. Pensacola, Florida

Chicks can smell desperation. The best way to score is to not even try. Make yourself available, then sit back, buy a drink and relax. For better odds, skip the bar and try the same routine at the gym or the dog park—minus the cocktail, of course.

Barren on a Budget

After seven kids, my wife and I are ready to cut off the flow of babies, but we don't want to stop fucking. What's the surest, cheapest form of birth control? —O. C. Burlington, Vermont

Buy, don't rent. Pills, implants and devices can become costly over the long term. Vasectomies are inexpensive, less obtrusive than tubal ligation and in many cases reversible. Ask Planned Parenthood for more information.

Diddle Tricks

I don't know how to masturbate. I've

tried to find pointers in my husband's porn flicks, but everything that the girls do on tape feels awful to me. I've tried every device at every angle and still come up frustrated. Am I doomed to be a frigid woman or is there a technique that I'm missing? —B. T. New Philadelphia, Ohio

Masturbation is an art form that, like sculpting or crochet, requires practice to master. Book a lesson with yourself and explore. Create a comfortable environment free from interruptions. Most importantly, do away with the self-imposed pressure. Fucking yourself is about feeling good. Do whatever it takes to relax and have a blast. The orgasms will find you.

JEANNA FINE

Jeanna Fine responds to readers seeking erotic enlightenment. She invites you to drop her a line and join her on the fearless quest for the fucking truth. Write to *Dear Slut*, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail at slut@lfp.com.





JADE

HIGH FLYIN'
& LOW RIDIN'

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY FRESH MEDIA



"Museums, tea parties and formal evenings are wonderful," Jade admits, **"but there are things money can't buy."** Sitting on the floor in her lavender nightie, the pampered socialite describes her ideal fuckmate. **"I want a man in blue-jeans, not a tuxedo—the kind of guy who'll fuck me rough, slap me around with his fat, hairy dick and not care if the neighbors hear me screaming."** Jade sprawls out on the floor and sighs. **"I yearn for sausage in my caviar world."**













Hot Letters

Movie Score

Kelly's the best student in my comparative literature class, and the biggest slut too. Not that it shows; most of the undergrads I teach stumble in on Monday looking hungover and fucked-out. Kelly, a prim, auburn-haired girl, looks fresh as a daisy after the weekend, her small, curvy frame filling neatly pressed clothes. If I hadn't overheard a new story every week about some frat punk banging her ragged, I'd never have asked her out.

I shouldn't say this until I'm tenured, but foreign movies are dull. Ten minutes into our date, Kelly and I were looking around the packed art theater, bored out of our minds. I cursed my luck for not taking her to the revival house to see *Henry and June*. My chances of parking this 19-year-old's little cunt on my tool were slipping away.

I rested my hand on Kelly's bare thigh and curled my fingers into the leg of her khaki shorts. In the semi-darkness, the pretty coed didn't appear to react. She kept checking out the half-lit college crowd.

I worked my digits up her shorts until I found her panty-covered cleft. It was damp and squishy—her only encouragement so far.

As I traced the edges of her labia with my middle finger, Kelly gasped. I felt her hand grope to unbutton my twills. The flushed coed's hot palm crammed into my fly to cup my balls as I tucked her syrupy underthings into her notch, swabbing at the juice that oozed through the fabric and painting it on her inner thigh with a fingertip.

Kelly's breath produced a guttural noise that turned a few annoyed patrons' heads around. Luckily, the sharp stink of surreptitiously fired weed hung in the air, keeping the inviting scent steaming off of my date's slippery mound from giving us away.

I pulled my mitt from its awkward position in the girl's shorts and undid the button while she pumped my thick chubby. Unzipping her khakis, I reached

under the waistband of her soggy panties, probing past her silky strip of pubes to her flooded, viselike snatch.

Kelly made an okay sign around my dick as she leaned forward to grind her clit into my thumb.

My groin tried to jump from my pants as the squeaky-clean slut pulled expertly at my pud. Bending almost in half, she rubbed her nose against my soldier and swiped a dab of pre-cum from the tip before wolfing the entire thing into her warm, greedy mouth. The nubile student was quite a cocksucker; her flitting tongue swirled rapidly on my shaft as she inched her yap further down toward the base of my prong.

By now, we were bouncing in our seats, and a few people within arm's reach had doped out that a better show was playing offscreen. Kelly noticed and became self-conscious a second

after she'd managed to bang the tip of my cock against the back of her gullet. I don't recommend deep-throat *interrup-tus*, but I can't think of a better way to build a load.

"Let's get out of here," the girl riding my fingers gasped, straightening up and shoving my arm away. I withdrew my probing hand with an audible *pop* that prompted a few snickers from behind us. We hastily made for the double doors.

The snack bar was unattended, but muffled voices could be heard behind a door on the other side of the counter. In the light, we looked like we'd been roused from an alley mid-fuck. Kelly held her shorts closed with her hand, and her makeup was smudged. In spite of her previous discomfort, the tousled cutie dropped to her knees and dove for my crotch.

With my back to (continued on page 50)

**The nubile student
was quite a
cocksucker;
her flitting tongue
swirled rapidly on
my shaft.**



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Buttslammers #20: Another reason for our nation's dependence on foreign oil.



Buttslammers #20: Don't worry; cunts are slammed as well.



Buttslammers #20: Bionca: "Pay attention, girls. We can't leave until I find my car keys."

Buttslammers #20



Directed by Bionca Seven.

Starring Shanna McCullough, Luna, Onika Fox, Felecia, Bionca Seven, Nikita Denise, Holly Hollywood, Charlie, Dru Berrymoore, Coral Sands, Veronica Velour, Cindy Cox, Tina Toy, Anna May, Brooke Hunter, Zana, Tina Cheri, Kimi Lixx, Celeste Crawford, Star E. Knight and Miss Kitty.

Videocassette: Bruce Seven Productions.

Buttslammers #20 is an oil-drenched example of the lesbian orgy at its finest. Years ago the late, great Bruce Seven patented the formula for killer dyke flicks. Now his widow, Bionca Seven, is keeping the wet dream alive, complete with the signature latex gloves, black-plastic drop cloths and puddles of

ass lube. Most importantly, this offering marks the return of uninhibited satisfaction to all-girl porn. Nowhere else can the dyke enthusiast see four female hands crowding an oily ass crack, vigorously stabbing at a screaming slut's raw innards. A fistful of intimate fucks, which anally initiate *Buttslammers* newbies, lead up to an exceptional, 20-girl finale. "If there's any objections about anal, just get the fuck out now," Bionca warns one of the starlets early on. *Buttslammers #20* pulls no punches in its grab for the sapphic gold shit-ring.

—Nicholas Veridian



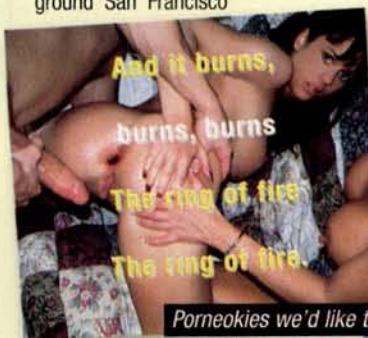
Porneokie

Smut Sing-alongs Mix Tunes and Poons

The masculine love of porn and the fruitier Asian fascination with karaoke are as disparate as professional wrestling and figure skating. Nonetheless, San Francisco bar owner Chicken John has melded the two and dubbed the unlikely multimedia amalgam Porneokie. At a recent Porneokie party at underground San Francisco

Porneokie. "It's true that you need to be a bit of a tech type," John insists, pointing out the mechanical challenge of making the song lyrics flow over the XXX visuals. "There are problems that you have to fix on the fly; so in that way I'm a porn technician."

John has thrown his Porneokie bashes in San Francisco and Brooklyn, and plans to bring the experience to the masses through the Internet. "I'm gonna build a Web site so that people can just stream it and do it in their own homes or at parties," the raunch entrepreneur



Porneokies we'd like to see.



nightclub Sparganga, beer-goggled dudes, lipstick lezzies and a couple of Filipino trannies crooned classics such as Madonna's "Like a Virgin" and Whitney Houston's "I Will Always Love You" with filthy '80s hard-core as their backdrop. The odd confluence of the overearnest lyrics superimposed over retro porn flicks offered innumerable moments of serendipitous hilarity throughout the night.

Chicken John doesn't match the porn scenes to the songs, instead allowing fate to pick the appropriate imagery for the tune. "When the serendipity works and the video matches with the song lyrics brilliantly and hysterically, I feel like an artist," John boasts. But not just any aspiring emcee with a karaoke machine and a VCR can plug in porn and call it

says. While Porneokie's creator claims that "everyone loves" the hard-core sing-alongs, some attendees of his most recent presentation felt compelled to leave during a particularly nasty, yet somehow appropriate, defecation scene that accompanied George Michael's "Careless Whisper." Still, with his mad mix of shit-eating and shitty tunes, Chicken John feels he's on to something, even though he's unable to define his brainchild's specific appeal. "It's just fucking fun," says the emcee.

Look for Porneokie listings and information at www.dammit.org and www.porneokie.com.

Great American Ass: The U.S. sees 700,000 hernia injuries every year.



Fluff: You don't want to see how they make the Nutter.





Pyromania: Jennifer Steele warms up.

The Violation of Nikita Denise:
"Ach! Das ist ein pain in der keister."



Fluff

Directed by Paul Thomas.
Starring Dayton, Sharon Wild, Egypt, Maya Devine, Sky Taylor, T. J. Cummings, Dale D'Bone, Pat Myne, Ron Jeremy, Carlos Santin and Paul Thomas.

Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Fluff casts bottle-blond fuck pixie Dayton as the ultimate fellatrix. Genetically blessed with the ability to flutter the back of her throat like a fleshy vibrator while gulping cock, Dayton becomes the hottest fluffer on the sleaze circuit. Tragically, addiction to her magic gullet makes it impossible for swordsman Dale D'Bone to sprout wood for co-stars such as bitch-on-wheels Sharon Wild unless Dayton slobbers on his chubber first. Even though the sound effect for Dayton's hyperactive windpipe resembles a farting basset hound, the trashy starlet's aggressive choad-huffing and shaft-riding are enough to make any mook break into spontaneous one-handed applause. Sky Taylor plays the über-hot sex therapist who helps solve D'Bone's problem by prescribing a scorching threesome. Thankfully, Ron Jeremy's billed appearance is a nonsex role. *Fluff* delivers hard-core substance with very little filler.

—Clive Thurstwood

Great American Ass

Directed by Gene Ross.
Starring Sienna, Sara Jay, Veronica Caine, Randi Storm, Brooke Hunter, Brian Surewood, Valentino, Rod Fontana, Mr. Pete, Don Hollywood and Gene Ross.

Videocassette: Extreme Associates.

Film critic Roger Ebert wrote *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* for tit auteur Russ Meyer, and the result was a campy mess. *Great American Ass*, the XXX love child of porn journalist Gene Ross and Rob Black, fares the same. Ross plays himself—a wisecracking smut scribe with an arsenal of corny come-ons and a raging case of blueballs. Ross fawns over starlets, attempting to negotiate ingress, but is continually snaked by professional woodsmen. Ross interviews and carnally preps Veronica Caine, who then fucks Rod Fontana. Caine inhales Rod's man handle while shoving her toes into the stud's mouth. After a footjob and a fierce bang, Fontana spurts spooze on Caine's ass, allowing his seed to drip onto her heels. Oddly, foot fetishism figures strongly in this supposed butt-centric flick. Onscreen, Ross is an affable, funny host; once he finds his feet, future installments of *Great American Ass* will probably kick butt.

—N. V.

Pyromania

Directed by Jerome Tanner.
Starring Jennifer Steele, Gina Ryder, Brittney Skye, Logan LaBrent, Jody Moore, Lee Stone, Joel Lawrence, Dale D'Bone, Brian Surewood and Dillion Day.

Videocassette: Legend Video.

There are some slow patches in *Pyromania*, a goofy strokefest about arson and firemen but—holy shit! Jennifer Steele spits actual fireballs while Joel Lawrence pumps her in the ass! Lee Stone spends way too much time talking to Gina Ryder before he finally drills the slutty brunette's ginch. Did I mention that Jennifer Steele dips her finger in lighter fluid, sets fire to it and uses the burning digit to ignite her fire-breath? All while being ass-plundered? The sheer spectacle is better than a *Godzilla* flick! Steele may be a little rough around the edges, with inflated chest sacks and a tough-girl scowl, but the cockhound is smokin' even when she's not burning down buildings, with a gutter-mouth that's nasty enough to raise temperatures on its own. Steele's insatiable craving for spuzz stokes *Pyromania* into the depraved porn bonfire that twisted firebugs have been burning for.

—C. T.

The Violation of Nikita Denise

Directed by Jim Powers.
Starring Nikita Denise, Keegan Skky, Angel Long, Lola, Taylor St. Claire, Shelby Myne, Misty and Sierra.

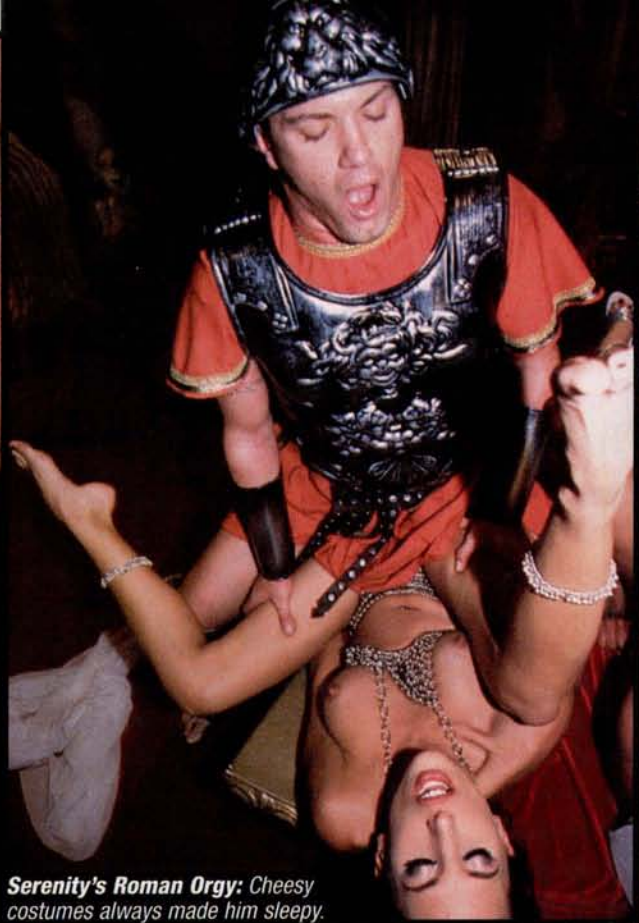
Videocassette: J.M. Productions.

A delegation of dykes ravage a bitchy Russian diplomat in *The Violation of Nikita Denise*. Nikita stars as a comely commie who inspires the ire of the United Nations. When the assemblage catches Denise violating Keegan Skky with the German flag, they make the unilateral decision to fuck the Ruski senseless. The cunt-sortium begins by shoving Nikita's sneering face into an ass, forcing her to lick a dirty bunghole. To her credit, Denise puts up a valiant fight. Her eyes blaze as she's restrained on a table and ravaged with a double dong. The gravel-voiced minx spits defiantly as an oversize dildo is shoved into her cunt and mouth. Even with a foot crammed halfway up her cooze, Denise bites and claws at her attackers. Most all-girl affairs have a hard time equaling the intensity of cock-centric bangs. The star of *The Violation of Nikita Denise* brings enough of her own spunk to make up the difference.

—N. V.



Throat Gaggers: "If you can't breathe, just bite down."



Serenity's Roman Orgy: Cheesy costumes always made him sleepy.

Throat Gaggers

Directed by David Luger.
Starring Kiwi, Kitten, Margo, Scarlett, Chi Sun, Sofia Blue, Felicia Fox, Alexia Riley, Amber Ways, Marie Mandalay and assorted swordsmen.
Videocassette: Red Light District.

Throat Gaggers deafens strokers with the sound of sucking. Microphones pick up every gag reflex and cock-slapped soft palate. Meanwhile, the camera lingers on tears streaming from the eyes of blowjob queens as they struggle to swallow jackhammering man meat. Amber Ways slings her head back as she juggles three battling prongs. The babe coughs up so much sputum that her face is covered in a glaze of sticky drool and ball batter that would make a *bukkake* fan upchuck. Blinded but still eager, Amber scoops up a gob of the vile bile from the floor and pops it into her yap. Another extraordinary blow features Nubian goddess Kitten administering one of the loudest choad-hooverings ever caught on tape. While the welfare-chic warehouse settings and generic sneaker-wearing mooks seem trite, blowjob fiends will derive both oral and aural pleasure from *Throat Gaggers*. —C. T.

Serenity's Roman Orgy

Directed by Jonathan Morgan.
Starring Serenity, Kylie Ireland, Nikita Denise, Dee, Krystal Summers, Christi Lake, Zana, Cheryl Dynasty, Lezley Zen, Ian Daniels, Randy Spears, Chris Cannon, Alex Sanders and Steve Hatcher.
Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Ceremonious whores service Caesar and his soldiers in *Serenity's Roman Orgy*. Despite anachronisms such as condoms and tattoos, the lush setting and fancy costumes of this big-budget bang set a classy tone for the raunch that follows. Ian Daniels is Caligula, the most notorious horndog to rule Rome. Serenity and her gaggle of hard-core helpers are doled out by the big cheese to service his generals. The first half of the festivities takes place in full costume, while part two of the fuck-fest is all-nude (a move that probably saved the costume department a fortune in dry cleaning). Lezley Zen, a relative newcomer who exudes Gina Gershon-caliber sultriness, screws with such passion that she upstages the film's title hostess. An extra scene or two featuring Zen would have made *Serenity's Roman Orgy* a real Jerkus Maximus. —N. V.

HUSTLER'S Superfuckers #13

Directed by Pierre Woodman.
Starring Pokahontas, Angel, Dora, Gaby Marceau, Lyudmilla, Orsolya, Sandra Russo, Annett, Pascal St. James, James Brossman, Ian Scott, Greg, Titof, Alain Deloin and Bob Terminator.
Videocassette: HUSTLER Video.

HUSTLER'S Superfuckers #13 is rescued by whorish beauties. Pierre Woodman's unbelievably hot Euroholes screw to a corny soundtrack that sounds like a Mentos commercial trying to rock out. Blond, Russian babe Angel is as pretty as any supermodel. Thank Hera's ghost the economic shambles of the former Soviet Union have relegated her to performing D.P.'s with Eastern Bloc greaseballs. Counting Angel's screw, there are five solid sex scenes, including an eye-popping dominatrix-and-slave-slut vignette. Also included are two tiresome segments of Woodman at work on photo-shoots. Despite stunning models, endless makeup retouches and mincing French photographers are not the stuff of hard-core nirvana. Only the abusive mock-subtitles keep the behind-the-scenes footage from weakening *HUSTLER'S Superfuckers #13* like a chunk of Kryptonite in the shorts. —C. T.

Rectal Rooter

Directed by Craven Moorehead.
Starring Melissa Milano, Chandler, Nikita Denise, Jody Moore, Jewels, Jesse, Krystal Steale, Mark Davis, Herschel Savage, Slim Shady, Crocodile Man and Lee Stone.
Videocassette: Celestial Productions.

No ass is too large or too small for *Rectal Rooter*. They have the tools, the talent and the know-how to ream sphincters at the drop of a hat. Herschel Savage, a porn professional with more than 30 years of experience, tackles the problematic pipes of Jody Moore and Krystal Steale. The blond sluts are plagued with a serious back-flow problem that Savage, operating his speckled butt-probe, has no trouble clearing. After their Savage reaming, the gaping shitters are left wide open and stoppage-free. For good measure, Herschel pressure-blasts both babes with a hydro-jet of ball grease. Each of this flick's five vignettes documents the on-the-job rump-pumping of gorgeous babes by jumpsuit-clad experts. *Rectal Rooter* is fully bonded, open 24/7 and guaranteed to plumb poopers with the skill and expertise you've come to expect.

—N. V.



HUSTLER'S Superfuckers #13:
French cinema isn't all bad.



God shave the queen.

Quim for a Day

Sabrina
Johnson
Screws
the
Commoners

British porn XXX enchantress Sabrina Johnson, armed with a video camera and a handful of model releases, is taking her smut to the streets in a quest to find, nail and film everyday guys and gals for her new series *Can I Fuck You Too?* (Elegant Angel). *Erotic Entertainment* quizzed the swinging filmmaker during her most recent Stateside visit.

HUSTLER: What makes you think *Can I Fuck You Too?* is different from the average sex tape?

SABRINA JOHNSON: In porn they pretend that the situations are real, but they're actually professional performers. We ask real people about their sexual fantasies. If we think they're nice, we ask, "Would you ever consider doing a scene?" If they say yes, we give them a [business] card and let them go away and think about it. If they're interested, we get them tested, and they're in.

HUSTLER: Where do you find these people?

JOHNSON: The first video was shot entirely in Belgium. Where we live, in Antwerp, there's a lot of cafes, pubs, nightclubs and bars—anywhere people have had a couple of drinks and their inhibitions are a lit-

tle less than they would be usually.

HUSTLER: What's your pickup line?

JOHNSON: Normally it's, "Hi, I'm Sabrina Johnson. Can I ask you some questions about sex?"

HUSTLER: What's the usual response?

JOHNSON: Their facial reaction is like, "Eh? Wot? Who are you?"

HUSTLER: Do you go after guys or girls?

JOHNSON: Both. But first-time girls are always better than first-time guys. When we have a single girl, we have to put her with a professional guy. That sometimes works better. We have someone professional that can guide what's supposed to go on. In the first video we've got two couples, two single girls and a guy—all who have never done [porn].

HUSTLER: Do you fuck all of them?

JOHNSON: In the first video I did three scenes, but I'm actually in every scene. If a girl's doing anal, I'll jump in and ask, "Do you like having your ass fucked?" That kind of thing. I'm a hostess as well as a performer.

HUSTLER: How do the newcomers hold up against the pressure of on-camera performance?

JOHNSON: Sometimes the guys have problems getting wood, but we always have Viagra on standby.



Rectal Rooter: Another job well done.



Some guys have all the luck.



Sex World 2002: We'll take the Julie Meadows season pass.

The Wish: "Stupid monkey's paw. I asked for cash, not gash."

The Wish

Directed by F. J. Lincoln.
Starring Monica Mayhem, Taylor St. Claire, Gwen Summers, Dru Berrymoore, T. J. Hart, Bronze, Colt Steele, Eric Masterson and Lee Stone.
Videocassette: Adam & Eve Productions.

According to *The Wish*, there's a parallel universe where pretty much everybody is a porn star. Bored vixen Monica Mayhem, unhappy with her life as a soap-opera makeup artist, blows out the candles on her birthday cake and finds herself in a strange world where supple-titted soap diva Taylor St. Claire spreads her slit for Julian's man-root on national television. After watching Lee Stone plunder the shitpipe of Afro-fox Bronze, Monica realizes that she's also expected to boff on film and panics. Dopey as the scenario is, a stellar variety of gash makes this stupidity immensely strokable. Gwen Summers squeals like Ned Beatty in *Deliverance* when she dykes out with Dru Berrymoore. Monica finally returns to her home dimension, where she pounces on Colt Steele's dong with whorish abandon. Patient (or fast-forwarding) deviants will find that *The Wish* eventually comes true. —C. T.

Sex World 2002

Directed by Antonio Passolini.
Starring Julie Meadows, Gina Ryder, Tiffany Mynx, Brigitte Kerkove, Keri Windsor, Nicole Sheridan, Isabella, Justine Romee, Sandy Knight, Randy Spears, Nick Manning, Voodoo, Chris Cannon, Ian Daniels, Kyle Stone and Steve Hatcher.
Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

Julie Meadows and Randy Spears play newlyweds trapped, tested and taunted by lustful robots in *Sex World 2002*. This sequel to the original *Sex World*, Anthony Spinelli's 1978 *West World* takeoff, does little to explore the carnal implications of machines built for sex. Instead, the flick relies on surreal sets crammed with kooky knickknacks to set its silly tone. Meadows rises above the muddled mess by providing butt-loads of strokable sex. Julie teases with an early solo masturbation scene, then fucks a Fabio-esque robot. Later, she sucks off three hotdog-vending studs, welcomes their franks into her steaming bun, and catches three heaping loads of mayonnaise on her face. Finally, Julie bones Randy Spears doggy-style, earning a messy splash on her shapely rump. Forget the awful, unfunny story; Julie Meadows makes *Sex World 2002* an e-ticket attraction. —N. V.



Russian Teen Sluts: "With the capitalism, we can now buy beautiful wallpaper."

Russian Teen Sluts

Directed by Roger Falk.
Starring Tracie, Maria, Vanessa, Katie, Janna, Pete, Josef, Cameron and Miquel.
Videocassette: Metro Inc.

Maybe it's their upbringing in a crumbling superpower that makes the tramps in *Russian Teen Sluts* so endearingly grateful for dick. None of the girls in this quintet of Slavic slit display the your-mook-ass-isn't-worthy-of-my-cunt attitude that plagues their American counterparts. There's a beautiful simplicity to the sight of megamammed Janna looking into the camera, saying, "I like sex," then fucking some goober silly. The tattooed blonde's tremendous sweater monkeys maintain the perfect balance of buoyancy and firmness while she cheerfully bounces on the stiff prong. In another vignette, sweet-faced, brunet Maria does an entire striptease and pole dance for her swordsman before gobbling his sausage, just because the goon gave her a wilted flower. *Russian Teen Sluts* are painfully easy to please and just as hard to resist. —C. T.

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.

Fully Erect

Brazilian Snake (HUSTLER Video)
Angelina Sweet, Lauren Kiss, Alain Deloin

Cum Swapping Sluts (Red Light District)
Kiwi, Scarlett, Julian

Real College Girls (HUSTLER Video)
Maria, Josie, Valerie, August, Chrissy and Debbie

Three-Quarters Erect

Babes in Pornland: Asian Babes (Puritan Video Productions)
Jade Marcela, Jewel De'Nyle, Steve Taylor

Balls Deep #4 (Anabolic Video Productions)
Jody Moore, Kimberly and Lexington Steele

High Octane (HUSTLER Video)
Isabelle, Jeanette, Leonard

La Femme Nikita Denise (Legend Video)
Nikita Denise, Calli Cox, Chris Cannon

Mrs. Right (Wicked Pictures)
Sydney Steele, Miko Lee, Evan Stone

Young Cassidey (Vivid Interactive)
Cassidey, Devon, Randy Spears

Half Erect

Ass Clowns #3 (Extreme Associates)
Veronica Caine, Jennifer Steele, Valentino

The Unknown Curse (Armageddon Entertainment)
Bisexual Britni, Brooke Hunter, Brian Surewood

Will Power (Metro Inc.)
Hannah, Flick Shagwell, Mark Woods

One-Quarter Erect

Bone Time (Flashpoint Productions)
Shanna, Laura Legend, Surfer Dave

X Professionals (Adam & Eve Productions/Ultimate Pictures)
Nikita Denise, Claudia Adkins, Jean Luc Godard

Totally Limp

Goosed for 3 (Stable/International Media Distributors)
Keri Windsor, Asia Carrera, Tuck Johnson

Industrial Sex (Vivid Video)
Calli Cox, Dominica Leoni, Creed

Pregnant Fantasies (X-Traordinary Pictures)
Shane, La Cresha, Washington Jones

Rating Guide

Fully Erect

Superior. A top production.

Three-Quarters Erect

Above average. Hard-on material.

Half Erect

Standard fare. Has moments.

One-Quarter Erect

Poor. Don't expect much.

Totally Limp

A waste of time and money.



(continued from page 40) the candy case, just out of view from the glass doors that faced the street, I broke into a sweat as she sucked me to the brink of coming once more.

I wasn't going to be satisfied with a blowjob; I'd felt up her undergrad snatch and knew the terrain of this lay. Yanking her skull off my schlong, I spun Kelly around and plunged into her weeping trench, fucking her doggy-style. My date's pussy had been simmering for some time; her sweet funk overpowered the unpleasant popcorn smell of the brightly lit area.

Kelly grabbed one of the movable posts that supported a velour rope. Each thrust of my cock rocked her into the chrome pole, which tugged clangingly at its two nearest neighbors as it swayed.

As we knocked crotches, I grabbed her hip with one hand and fingered her dripping clit with the other, using the grip I now had on her groin to jerk her fuckhole on and off my boner. The grateful slut came, splashing me with a mini-flume of ejaculate. Her soaked cunt bucked and wriggled along my steely shaft, but I wasn't in a hurry to pop anymore.

As Kelly mewed, "stop, stop" and

clenched her thighs together to savor her orgasm, I grasped her ass with both hands and pounded her dizzy. The coed screamed and laughed as I prolonged her joy while reddening her ass cheeks with the impact of my thrusts.

Satisfied that we'd gone far enough for a first date, I let a whopping load slam into Kelly's lust-greased, trembling wound.

"Oh, God," she whimpered numbly as I ejected every last bit of spunk I had. Exhausted, the girl slipped against the chrome post, knocking it over and taking another down with it.

The pole's heavy *clunk* against the carpet brought the concessionaires out from behind the door, just as the ticket-takers let the crowd in for the next show. I hastily pulled Kelly's shorts most of the way back up, wiping my cock on the seat of her pants. The glowing fuck doll did her best to make it seem that she'd been looking for a contact lens, but the stunned faces of the 15 or 20 intellectual types who witnessed our scrambling exit from the theater told me we hadn't fooled anyone.

Next week, we're going to a museum.

—G. N.

South Bend, Indiana

O-Town Tit-Fuck

I'm a 36-year-old divorcée having the time of her life in Orlando, Florida. I kicked my old man out last year—I waited until our son was 18 so I could rid myself of both of them—and placed my sagging, yam-shaped boobs in the care of a skilled medical practitioner.

The doctor fixed me up with a set of 44DD, silicone bolt-ons that changed my life. I don't look like a middle-aged housewife anymore; the guys I bring home often believe I'm a porn star.

Mike is sort of my boyfriend; he's a big shot with a tourism board downtown, and has some kind of business that allows him to profit from his position. The first time he picked me up, I climbed into his Lexus and let him fuck my tits. After graciously wiping his nut scum from my chest with a Sea World T-shirt, the sweet man gave me his cell-phone number and took mine.

The very next night, Mike invited me to meet his friends at the nicest hotel in town that isn't part of Disney World. When my honey's four buddies saw me enter the lavish suite he'd rented, they all stood up from their poker game and couldn't pay my jugs enough compliments. I giggled and told the party I didn't play poker too well.

Mike laughed. "You can sit out, Tammy. Just keep us entertained."

A portly man named Ernie turned on his boom box and suggested I dance. My rebuilt bosom rocked as I shook my still-youthful ass around the small table.

The men whooped and cheered. A twentysomething guy they called Jerry grabbed a few bills from the now-abandoned poker kitty and shoved them deep into my blouse, under the brassiere, as if he was at a gentlemen's club. I went with the joke, yanking off my top and batting my hefty, lace-covered mounds into the young man's face. I loved the attention, and Mike seemed equally pleased.

"Jesus fucking Christ!" my sweetie yelled, holding me and scrabbling at my back to remove my bra. "Show us your fucking tits!"

As Ernie's CD played (it was an Eagles compilation), Mike pawed at my fleshy chest globes, showing off for his buddies. I didn't mind his openness; in fact, I was creaming my panties. My boyfriend discovered the juice (continued on page 157)





Stranded in a remote desert stretch with her traveling partner Natasha, Valentine attempts to write "SOS" on the scorched earth with her bladder juice. **"Sometimes I wish I had a dick,"** Valentine pouts, surveying her illegible distress call.

"Well, there's a dildo in the stalled car," Natasha smirks, **"and it looks like we'll be here awhile."**

"I don't know," the blonde hesitates.

"You just need some convincing," the hotheaded brunette replies, shoving Valentine's face into her pussy. **"That's what friends are for."**

VALENTINE & NATASHA

DESERT DESSERT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT













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Sex Play

Cheap Thrills Staying Stiff Through Hard Times

by Dan Kapelovitz
Illustration by The Pizz

"Hey, buddy! There's a 15-minute time limit on browsing in the porn section," yells the newsstand clerk in a voice so loud that all of his patrons turn to see who has broken the clearly posted rule. Jon has been looking at pictures of naked girls for more than a half hour, hoping to mentally retain some of the erotic images for a subsequent dolphin-polishing session. The 37-year-old Palo Alto, California, resident was recently laid off from his dot-com job and can no longer afford to buy his favorite adult periodicals. Humiliated, Jon exits the newsstand with his head hung low.

As he leaves the magazine shop, however, the out-of-work porn lover has a stroke of good luck; he notices an employee tossing stacks of damaged XXX rags into a nearby Dumpster. Jon is ecstatic. He grabs more than a dozen different titles and slinks off to the privacy of his own home.

On entering his masturbation chamber, Jon notices that the magazines are in worse condition than he had thought. Many of the pictorials are ripped in half or covered in dirt. Jon has an idea. He salvages the porn by cutting out unscathed bits of photos and combining them with other intact parts of pictures. With the help of scissors and glue, Jon creates an erotic image using the head of a blonde, the tits of a brunette and the pussy of a gorgeous redhead.

Pleased with his collage, Jon mixes and matches other elements from his porn collection that he has grown bored with. I had an endless supply of smut under my nose and didn't even realize it, thinks Jon after ejaculating all over one of his new masterpieces. Maybe now I can save up my unemployment checks and buy a hooker.

After nearly a decade of economic boom, a recession has set in. When discretionary funds are low, adult-

entertainment dollars are often the first to be sacrificed in order to pay for life's noncarnal necessities. Luckily, a few frugal sex fans are willing to share their secrets on how, in tough fiscal times, they beat the system and maintain their perverted lifestyles without losing their shirts.

"Adult-chat numbers cost up to \$4.99 per minute; that's almost \$300 an hour!" bemoans Jack Oxford, a 34-year-old minimum-wage earner at a Columbus, Ohio, fast-food restaurant. "After taxes, it takes me an entire day's work just to pay for a ten-minute phone session."

Oxford advocates pre-call preparation as a way to receive the most bang for the phone-sex buck. "To save dough, I stare at the picture of the naked chick in the phone-sex ad and jack off almost to the brink of completion—then I hit my stopwatch and quickly dial the number. I almost always get off within 60 seconds."

Taping tele-sex sessions for repeated listening is another method penny-pinching pud-pullers are using to stretch their savings. Unfortunately, archiving cum-shot conversations

could conceivably lead to a day in court: Many states have laws forbidding the taping of telephone conversations without two-party consent.

Strip clubs are also prohibitively expensive for the budget-conscious horndog. "I love looking at strippers, but after the cover charge, a few drinks and tipping, I'm out 50 bucks," says George P. Moore, a 25-year-old, unemployed actor in Hollywood, California. "I always buy the least-expensive beverages and go during off-peak hours, when the clubs offer coupons for free admission."

Strippers usually only shove their breasts and crotches into the faces of generous oglers, but George has some advice: "If you sit up by the stage, the girls expect to be tipped. Fortunately, a lot of guys are shy and don't sit up front, but they still want to give money to the dancers. They sneak up to the stage when the girl is facing the other direction and plop down a buck or a fiver. That's when I casually sit (continued on page 62)





"I'm more than just a little 'chicken'; I'm a goddamn coward."

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(continued from page 58) by the money. One time a guy put down a 50, and the girl smothered my face with her tits and picked up the bill with her pussy lips.

"Then the guy ambushed me in the parking lot and pinched off my nose with a pair of pliers."

Renting porn videos can be an expensive hobby. Video stores reserve their highest fees for adult flicks, and they almost never give discounts for nonweekend or multiple rentals. At five bucks a pop or more, renting a video a night adds up to a hefty weekly tab. Ignoring pesky FBI warnings and dubbing the tapes is a given for future viewings, as is taping pay-per-view porn.

A group of like-minded jackoffs can organize a porn co-op of sorts, where they share their adult rentals. Three cheapskates can pitch in on the price of a three-day rental and still each have an entire day of viewing excitement before returning the movie.

Porn periodicals can also be shared. "Me and my buddies pooled some cash and invested in subscriptions to our favorite mags, and we trade off every week," says porn freak Greg Broomfield. "When we tell people about our system, they always say, 'That's gross! Don't the pages stick together?' I don't know about

them, but my eyes aren't that close to my cock—I've never shot cum onto a magazine in my life."

One penny-pinching kinkmeister pleasures himself with the aid of XXX videos without renting or even watching them. "I go into the porn section of the video store," explains George Erickson, a professional couch surfer in Evanston, Illinois. "I wear a coat and pants that have strategically placed holes cut out of the pockets that allow me to fondle myself without anyone knowing. I look at the box covers and beat off to my heart's content. In a lot of cases, the covers are better than the videos anyway."

"A little imagination goes a long way," says scrounging pervert Jeremy Johnston, a 42-year-old temp worker who lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. "I can't afford pay-per-view pornos; so I jack off to scrambled porn. Some people find it annoying to watch, but I like the sexual tension it builds. It's kind of like real-life sexual conquests—a tit here, an ass there. You can also tape it and freeze the frames that contain nudity."

"I also like to masturbate to other forms of what I call 'near porn,'" continues Johnston. "I beat my meat to bra models in the newspaper and the escort come-ons in the free weeklies. Some

plastic-surgery ads can also be quite erotic, especially the 'after' pictures."

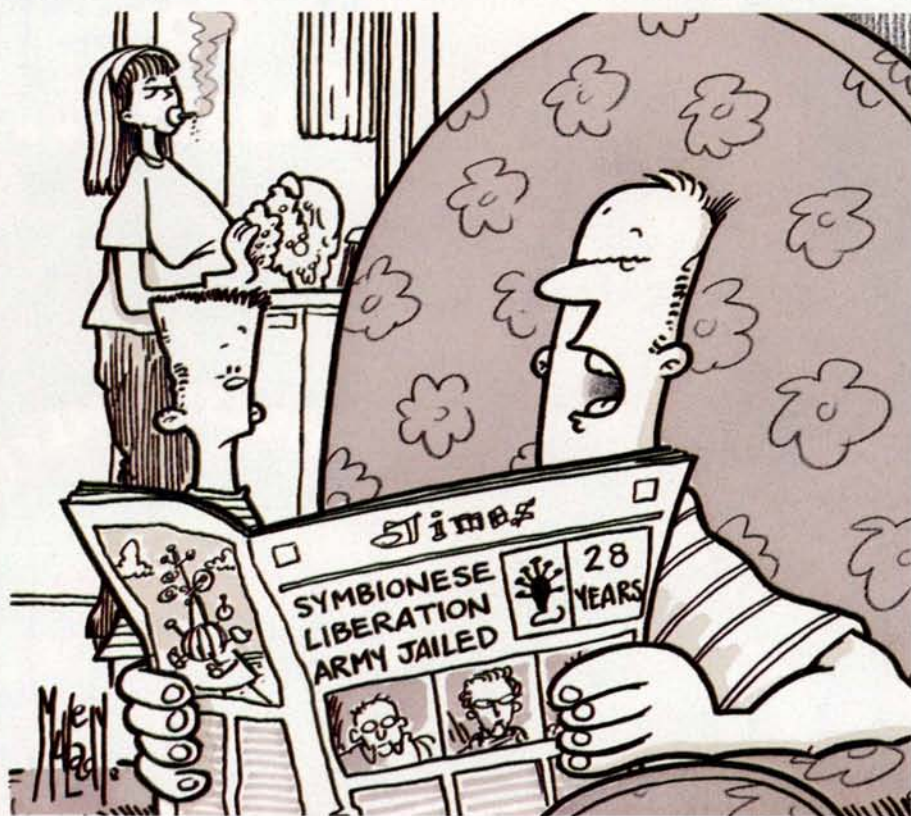
The nation's public libraries have much to offer horny citizens of lesser means. "I can't afford to buy a computer; so I surf the Internet at the local library," says Frank Robertson, a 29-year-old "conceptual artist" who lives with his parents in their Tacoma, Washington, home. "There's a computer in the corner that allows me a fair amount of privacy—although not enough to properly whack off. There's so much free Web porn that I could surf for days without having to pay for a membership. Unfortunately, my library has a one-hour time limit if someone's waiting, and someone is always waiting."

"When I get kicked off the computer, I check out the books and magazines. *National Geographic* only shows African tits, but I found a Jeff Koons art book that featured full penetration—I renewed that book three times!"

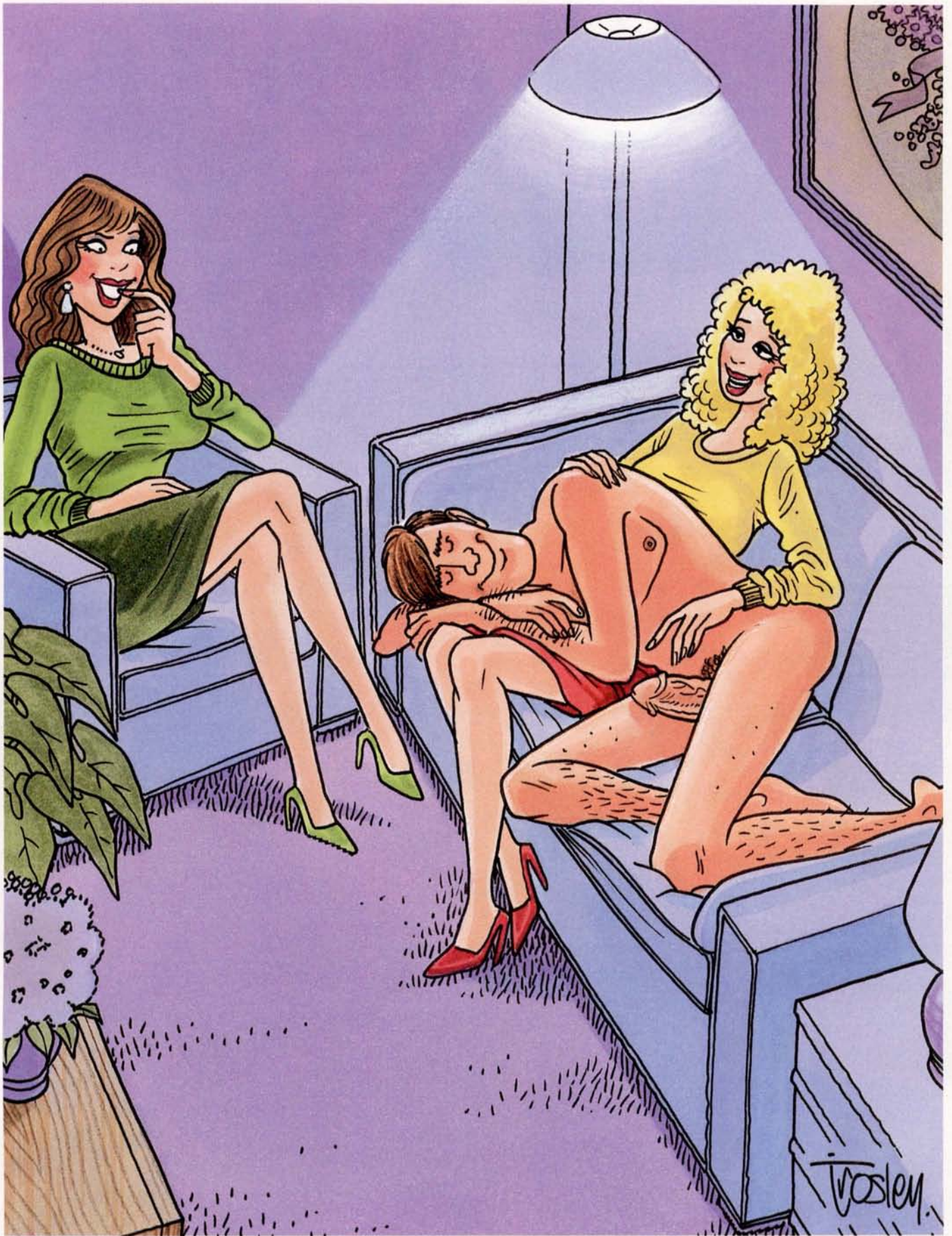
Sperm banks are another source of free stroke material, and may even help alleviate one's fiscal woes. "I needed money—I couldn't even afford one of those cheapo porn rags; so I decided to sell my spunk," says Brady Brooks, a drifter who temporarily resides in New Orleans, Louisiana. Brooks claims he has trouble finding a good place to masturbate when he does glom onto some smut. "The sperm bank eventually rejected my juice, but not before I put in three solid jackoff sessions."

The most expensive form of sexertainment by far is the hiring of prostitutes. Although a crack whore can be had for a few bucks or even a Big Mac, any remotely worthwhile hooker will cost much more. Here again, a parsimonious pervert suggests the use of lateral thinking. "I sniff the seats on girls' bikes," says Andy Seavers, who worked for a phone-sex company until it went out of business. "It's the next-best thing to eating pussy. If a girl's been riding for a long time, her bicycle seat smells exactly like her vagina—especially when it's hot outside."

"I used to fuck whores and run—doink and dash," recalls Seavers. "I figured, *What's she gonna do about it, call the cops?* But one time, the girl's pimp chased me with a baseball bat. My friends always ask me why I don't just find a real girlfriend, but girlfriends are even more expensive than prostitutes—you have to pay for dinner and gifts, and eventually you might get married and have to spring for her brats' college education. I'd rather just stick with bicycle seats." 🍌



"These radicals did bad things in America 30 years ago. Thank God your mom was only a cocksucking porno actress."

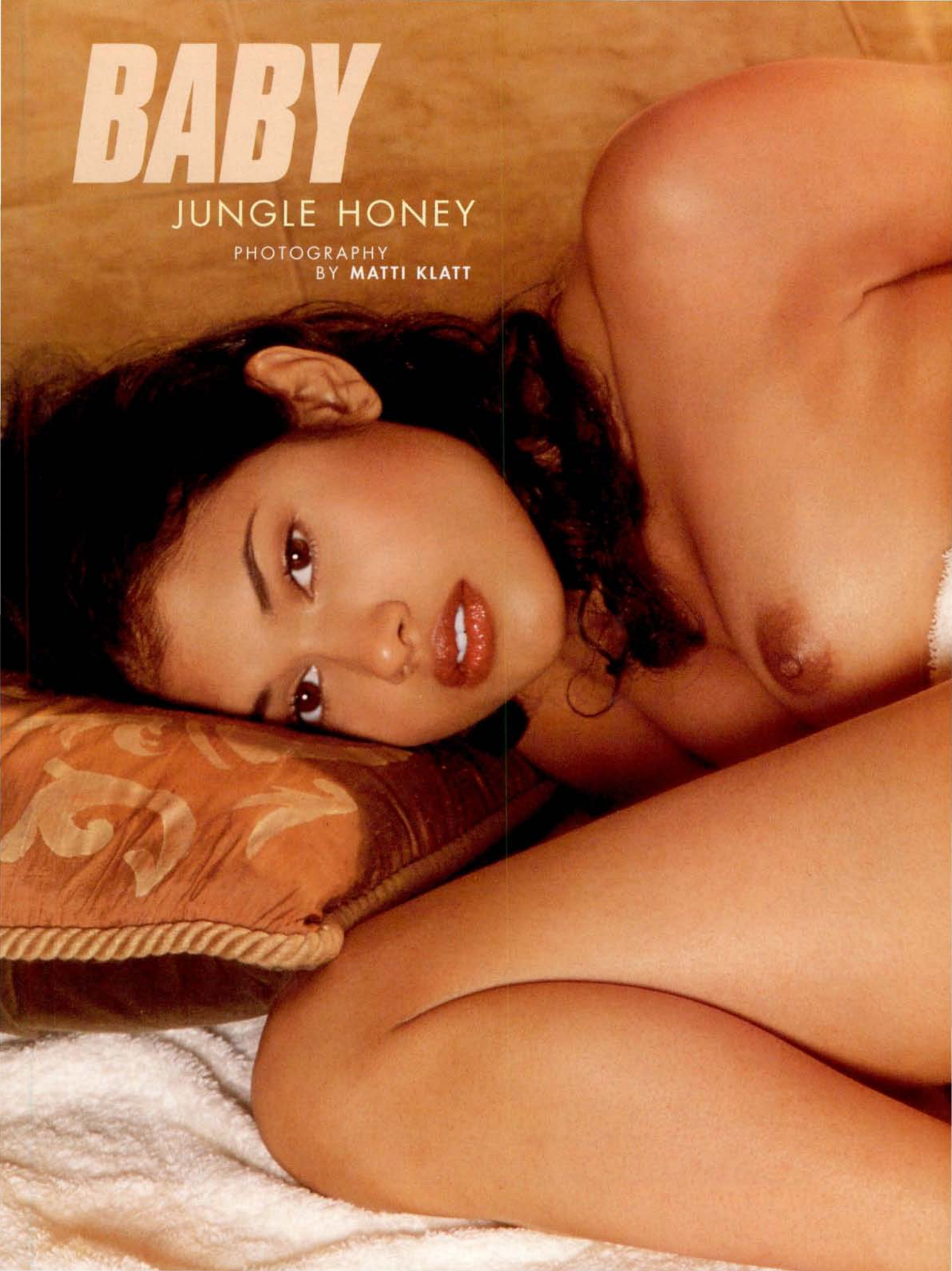


"He was cute, cuddly and free to a good home...."

BABY

JUNGLE HONEY

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MATTI KLATT





Baby strides across the floor on all fours. **"I am a hungry lioness on the prowl for raw meat."**

The imaginative femme fatale rolls onto her back and squirts a shower of piss. **"I'm leaving my spoor. I want a lion to pick up my scent and fuck me in the ass when I present,"** Baby giggles.

"Maybe I watch too many nature shows. All I really want is an animal in bed."















AN OFFICER AND A TRANNY CHASER

CRIMES AGAINST NATURE
WITH SELWYN HARRIS

ILLUSTRATION BY KENT MYERS



JOIN A TOUGH, SHE-MALE-LOVING
NEW YORK CITY COP ON A TOUR OF GOTHAM'S
GENDER-FUCKED SEXUAL UNDERGROUND.

An Officer and a Tranny Chaser

As a seven-year veteran of the New York City Police Department, foot patrolman Kevin Keough (all names have been changed) can't quite claim to have seen it all, but he's seen enough to consider self-mutilation as a retirement plan.

"I'm starting to think hard about taking a bullet in the hand," the cop confesses as he drinks in a Manhattan dance club. "I can really picture myself cutting a deal with a skel [lowlife street criminal]. I'd hand him my gun, tell him to shoot me clean through the palm, and then explain that he and I got into a scuffle when EMS [Emergency Medical Services] showed up. I'd be like, 'Bro', you may have to do a little time, but I'll take care of you when you get out. I swear."

Keough laughs at his quip, and the lean, 29-year-old Brooklyn native's smile attracts a slinky admirer to his bar stool. "You got nice eyes, baby," the petite, dark-haired beauty opines.

"Thanks," Keough replies. His gaze roves lustfully up and down his visitor, pausing long and hard on the comically exaggerated cleavage that shimmies volcanically from a skintight sequin dress. All that flesh glimmers effectively in the nightclub's classic disco lighting. After a moment of silent flirtation, Keough says, "You got nice—everything."

The Hispanic-accented lovely rubs the off-duty officer's crotch and sashays onto the dance floor, where the crowd gyrates to techno-fortified Abba. A companion at the bar sweeps his hand panoramically in the direction of the club's numerous revelers and beams, "Something for everybody."

There are icy blondes, soulful

Officer Keough grips the demure Dominican's ass. They rub their crotches together, and when they return hand-in-hand, their erections are plainly visible.

brunettes, voluptuous redheads, corn-fed beauty queens, Asian dolls, Nubian princesses, Latin *mamacitas*, goth vampire-types, raver babes and, for balance, more than a handful of flat-out skanks.

"Everybody here is somebody's dream girl," Keough observes, "and there's not one cunt in the house."

Keough cracks himself up with that

line, in large part because he's speaking literally. The "house" in question is Edelweiss, a high-profile gathering space on Manhattan's West Side where the clientele can be described as transvestites, transsexuals and their admirers.

There is one thing that Edelweiss's ultrafemme cock-bearers must never be called however. "How is it possible," somebody wonders aloud, "that these are all men?" Keough turns to the loudmouth with a snap. "Shut up," he seethes. "Shut the fuck up!"

Police officer Keough doesn't want anyone thinking he's light in the loafers. The self-described "full-on heterosexual" downs his drink and works his way through the voguish throngs to the shemale who liked his eyes. Officer Keough grips the demure Dominican's ass with the same might that he'd apply to a choke hold on a fleeing perp. They rub their crotches together, and when Keough and his newfound partner return hand-in-hand, their erections are plainly visible.

* * *

Kevin Keough grew up in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn. The neighborhood has transformed over the past decade or so into a bustling yuppie paradise but, for most of the 20th century, it was an Irish immigrant ghetto overrun by packs of hooligans.

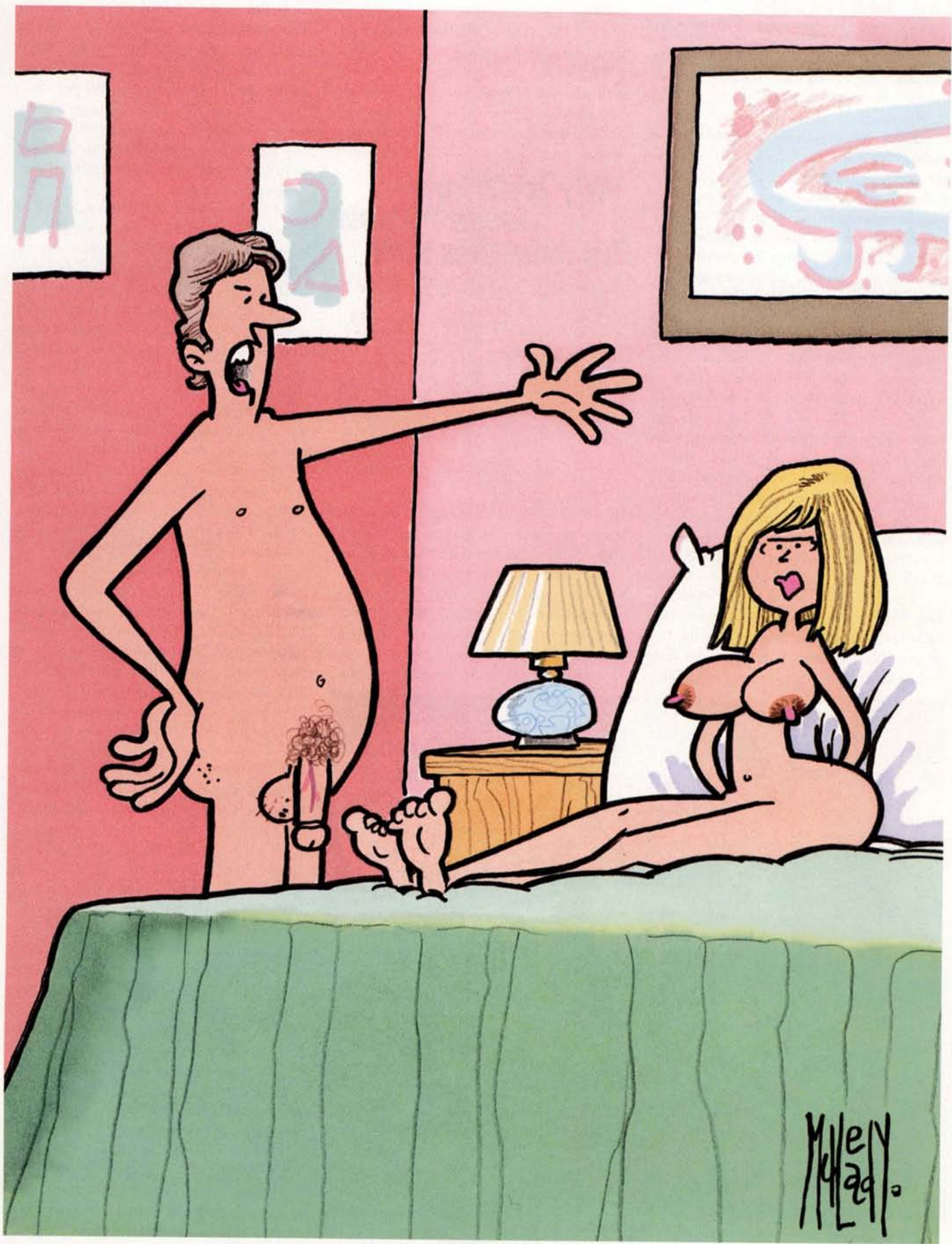
"My father used to tell me stories of getting into the sickest rumbles with all the famous gangs of the day, especially the Lords of Flatbush," Keough recalls. "He ran with the Seventh Avenue Boys, and they battled the Lords a bunch of times—imagine this—over who had the right to go to the Plaza movie theater on what night of the week. The fucking asshole lost an eye in one of those fights."

The senior Keough was raised in the Slope by Dublin refugees. Eventually, he parted ways with the Seventh Avenue Boys and has since worked for the NYC transit authority. Kevin has spent much of his life pulling the old man out of South Brooklyn gin mills, the likes of which can still be found along Park Slope's fringes. One such vortex is O'Connor's Pub, a black hole that attracts some brave, neo-bohemian locals in addition to the granite-skinned regulars, many of whom remember when the bar opened in the 1930s. A direct product of the latter camp is Bergen Street Billy, a red-haired, redder-faced ruffian nicknamed for the block he was born on 48 years ago, on a bed in the only house in which he has ever lived.

Bergen Street Billy has limited his existence to one neighborhood, he's worked one job his whole life (loading



"My hat's off to ya, Earl—you got yer ol' lady trained real good!"



"C'mon, Sally, if you don't let me fuck you in the ass, the terrorists will have won."

An Officer and a Tranny Chaser

trucks down by the water), he drinks in one bar, and he enjoys sex with just one kind of partner: "them."

When speaking of Billy's preferred bedmates, Keough doesn't employ terms such as "tranny" or "chicks with dicks." He just says, "Billy likes them. He only fucks them." The singular version is, appropriately, "one," as in "Billy dated one for five years." Maybe Billy's affection for wanged women has to do with his time spent in a juvenile-correction facility, or maybe not. Nobody's asking.

Currently, Billy is off-and-on with "one" named Lucy, a thirtyish, Puerto Rican transgendered individual. The handsome couple's occasionally violent squabbles have prompted Keough to suggest that Billy give up on Lucy and come out for a night of "nothing serious" at Edelweiss or one of Manhattan's other cocks-in-frocks venues. Still, even this cop, who has been stabbed with a broken bottle and pepper-sprayed at point-blank range, treads lightly when broaching the topic of Bergen Street Billy's romantic preferences.

"I can't tell Billy what to do," Keough says. "He was family to me growing up; so there's a healthy fear of saying the wrong thing to him. I've also seen him fight. Shit. Nobody ever said anything

about how Billy never got married or the type of girls you'd see him with at the bar. God help anybody who ever tried calling Billy a faggot."

The policeman maintains that his idolization of Billy had no bearing on his own predilection for the sluts-with-nuts set. For that, he singles out television.

"On one of those *Taxicab Confessions*

**"My girlfriend
doesn't know
I'm into this shit.
I'd almost
rather have
the guys
on the
force
find out."**

shows a couple of years ago, there was a drunk one trying to get the cabdriver to come home with her," Keough explains. "My fuckin' bone was on fire, it was so hot. Little did I know that the time was so ripe [for transsexual appreciation]. Because, truth be told, the sort of messes that Billy always brought around were clearly just guys in dresses. Even if they

had hormone shots and breast implants, they were scuzzy-looking. Something happened in the field of sex-change operations though. Now they make them the hottest goddamn girls on earth. Yeah, I know—girls with penises."

As evidence, Keough produces a stack of transsexual-porn DVDs from a locked box where he keeps all such items. "My girlfriend thinks it's full of special police weapons," he admits.

"This one is perfect," Keough says of the radiant, blond star of *Shemale Circus*, who careens across the television screen. Clad in a hot-pink thong bikini, she is an undeniably gorgeous knockout with large, round, soft breasts; long legs; a flat stomach; and a high, firm bubble butt that provides mouthwatering evidence of her Latin background. The porn "actress" dances in a hotel room, eventually losing her thong. Her penis is huge, with a foreskin that adds immensely to the scene's overall exotic flavor.

The camera lovingly dotes on its subject's erection, which the he-she pulls on and presses directly against the lens. Keough goes goggle-eyed. "I love her uncut cock," he says. "That's what makes her the perfect woman."

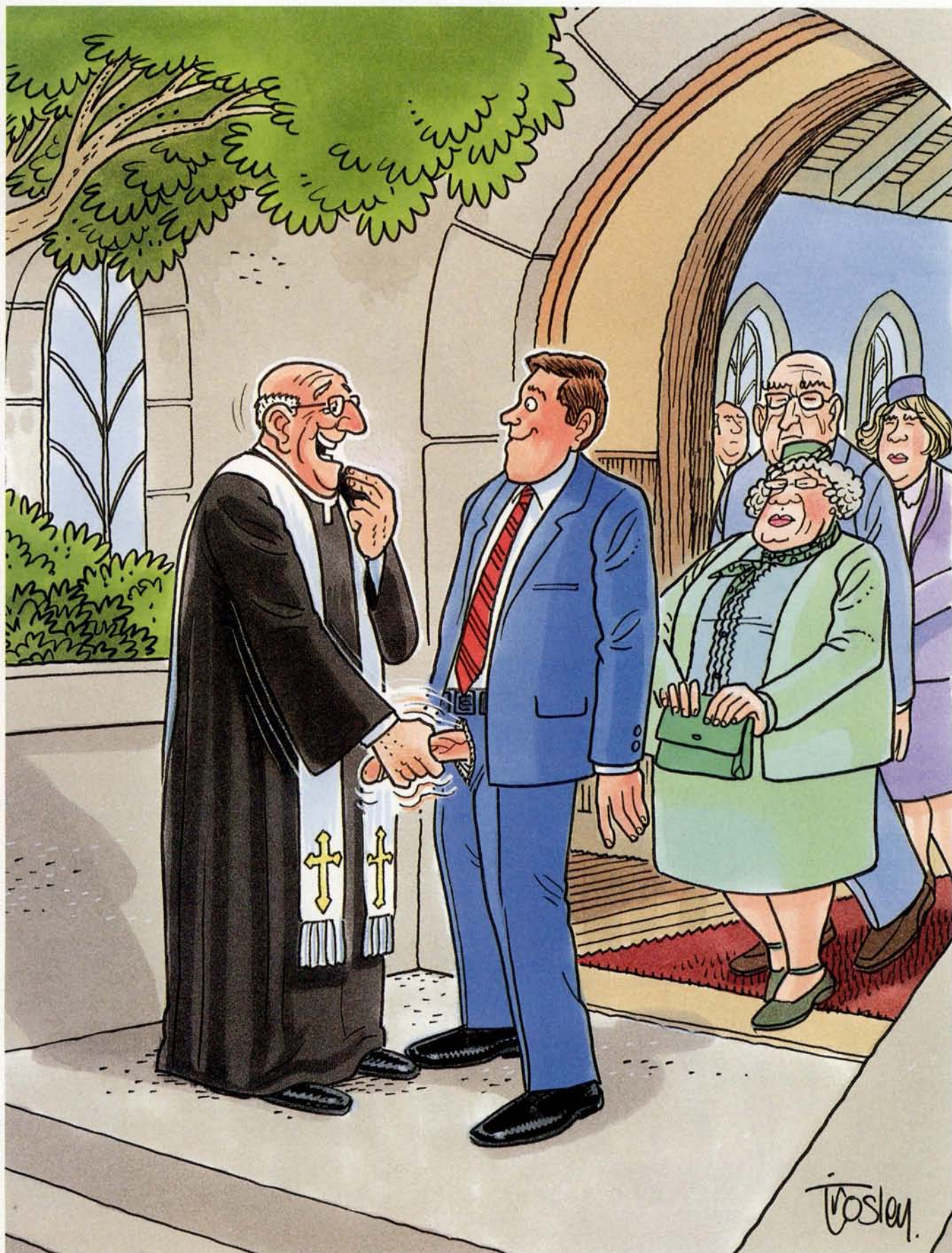
Keough's real-life, real-woman girlfriend is, by this standard, not so perfect. She's okay, he insists, and plenty good-looking, and Keough swears that he loves her. "And no, my girlfriend doesn't know I'm into this shit," Keough half-snarls. "I'd almost rather have the guys on the force find out. They'd give me shit, but I guarantee I'm not the only one. My girlfriend though—there isn't any possible way that she could understand. I'm not fuckin' sure that I understand!"

Another *Shemale Circus* chapter begins. Keough shuts the DVD player off in a hurry. "I hate that scene," he says. "That girl actually lactates. I guess the hormone injections they use now are powerful enough to put milk in their breasts, but I'm against that shit. Motherhood is sacred."

What else is sacred in Keough's complicated universe? "Decency," he asserts, after a moment of meditation. "Where I grew up, it was rough, but still it wasn't hopeless. There were violent assholes all around, but I knew hundreds of people who were essentially decent. That's something missing out there in the world of shit I see. By being a cop, it's like I try to wedge open a little crack for some decency to get through."

"I've had to run into housing projects that are like 24-hour crack parties," Keough continues. "Everybody just leaves their doors open, and (continued on page 112)





"Yesssss...now I remember you...class of '78...choirboy...altar boy...Wednesday night Bible club too...."



RITA

STACKED DECK

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY CLIVE McLEAN



"I should be a gambling woman," Rita declares.

"Look at the cards I was dealt: one gorgeous pair and a full house!"

The top-heavy joker cups her ample tits, bringing the nipples to her tongue to play with. Her fingers open her slit, inviting the world in. **"I think of myself as the Queen of Hearts,"**

Rita grins, dealing her moist pit a pair of fingers. **"I can play solitaire, but an ace in my hole trumps all."**











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HUSTLER Humor



A groom walked down the church aisle to take his place by the altar, and the best man noticed that he had the biggest, brightest smile on his face. The best man said, "Hey, I know you're happy to be getting married, but what's up? You look so excited."

"I just had the best blowjob of my entire life, and I'm marrying the wonderful woman who gave it to me."

Then the bride came down the aisle. She too had an ear-to-ear grin on her face. The maid of honor noticed and said, "Hey, girlfriend, I know you're happy about the wedding, but why do you look so thrilled?"

"I just gave the last blowjob of my entire life," the bride whispered.

Question: What do you get when you cross a Rastafarian with a Jew?

Answer: Dreadlox.

During a routine physical, a doctor examined his patient and observed, "You have the filthiest balls I have ever seen! It's a health risk."

The guy went home to his wife and said, "Honey, I need to talk to you about something."

"Not now," she huffed. "I've been so busy lately that I haven't had time to wipe my ass."

"That's what we have to talk about," he grumbled.

Question: What's the difference between a slut and a mosquito?

Answer: A mosquito stops sucking when you slap it.

A journalist assigned in Jerusalem had an apartment overlooking the Western Wall. Every day she saw an old Jewish man there, praying intently. Certain he would be a good interview, the journalist went to the Wall and introduced herself to the old man.

"You come here every day; how long have you done that and what are you praying for?" she inquired.

"I have come here to pray every day for 25 years," the elderly man replied. "In the morning I pray for world peace and for the brotherhood of man. I go home, have a cup of tea, and then come back to pray for the eradication of illness and disease. And very, very important, I pray for peace and understanding between the Israelis and Palestinians."

Impressed, she asked, "How does it feel coming here every day for 25 years to pray for these beautiful things?"

"Like I'm talking to a fucking wall."

A stud met two gorgeous blondes sitting side by side at a bar. They turned out to be Siamese twins joined at the hip, and they eagerly went to his apartment. After fucking the first one, he moved on to the second. The first sister noticed a case in the corner of the room.

"Is that a trombone?" she asked. "I was in the high school band, and I'd love to play your trombone."

The guy shrugged, fetched her the instrument and went back to the second sister. As he humped, the first twin played loud, exuberant marches. A few weeks later, the twins were walking past his apartment building and the first one said, "Let's stop in and see him."

The other sister hesitated and asked, "Gee, do you think he'll remember us?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *handjob* as: a cock-wring.

Question: What's the difference between a woman in church and a woman in the tub?

Answer: The woman in church is filling her soul with hope, and the one in the tub is filling her hole with soap.

In the Officers' Club, a general and a lieutenant were having a heated debate about sex. The general insisted, "Sex is 80% work, and only 20% pleasure."

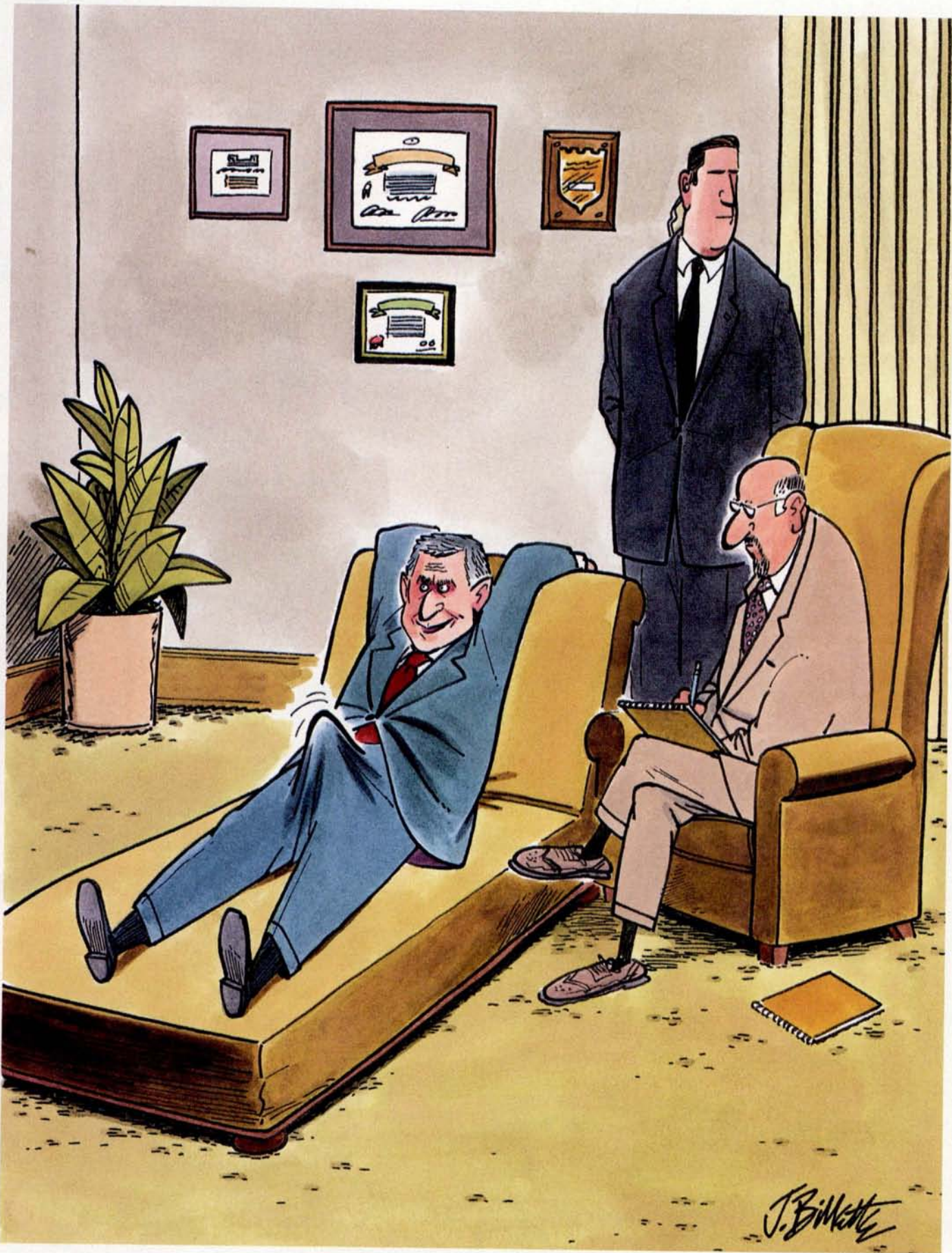
"I disagree," said the lieutenant. "Sex is 80% pleasure, and only 20% work."

Neither would back down; so they decided to ask the sergeant major next to them. The sergeant major thought for a moment and said, "With all due respect, both of you are wrong. Sex is actually 100% pleasure."

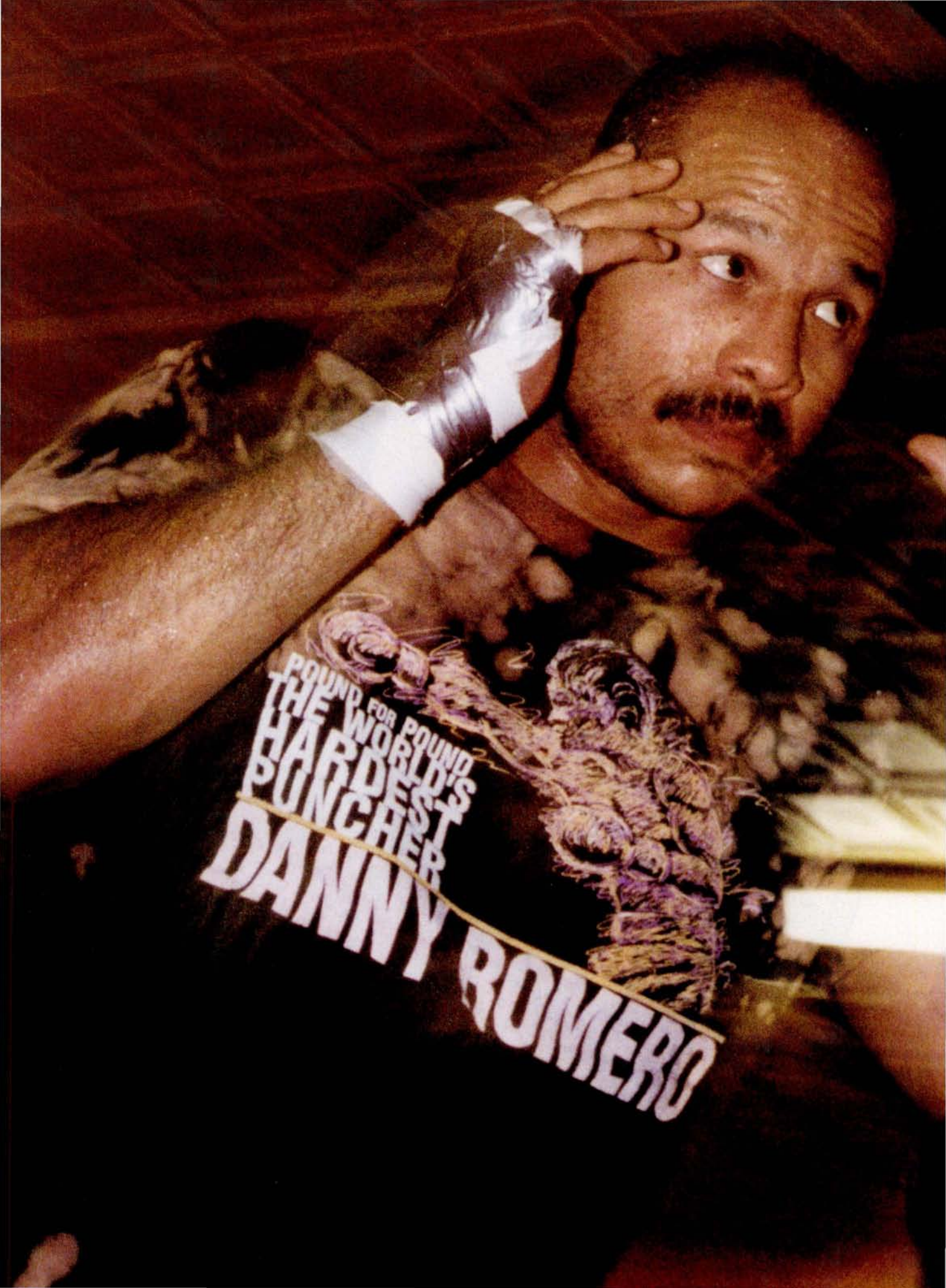
The two officers looked puzzled, and the general asked, "How did you come to that conclusion?"

"It's obvious," he replied. "If there were any work involved, you'd have an enlisted man do it for you."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions. 🐼



"Killin' evildoers gives me a Texas woody!"



POUND FOR POUND
THE WORLD'S
HARDEST
PUNCHER
DANNY ROMERO

Tony Ayala Jr. envisions
a future ass-kicking.

TWELVE ROUNDS IN HELL

REPORT BY **JOHN ALBERT**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **MATTI KLATT**

Tony Ayala Jr. was a contender to be champion of the world, but wound up spending 16 years in prison for a rape conviction. Recently released, the 39-year-old boxer is trying to make a comeback; unfortunately, he's his own toughest opponent.

Tony Ayala Jr. was nearly the middleweight champion of the world. One fight away in fact, a bout that by many accounts, he could very well have won. But as the 20-year-old Texas boxer stood at the zenith of his young career, the same demons that had propelled his unstoppable pugilistic fury inexplicably veered off and wreaked their violence on an unsuspecting female schoolteacher. Instead of victoriously cradling a championship belt, the undefeated Ayala found himself headed for state prison to begin a 35-year rape sentence. That was 19 years ago. He's been fighting ever since.

"I was shocked," recalls Lester Bedford, who was Tony's promoter. "He had a great future in front of him. He was a month and a half away from fighting for the world title. He was the big Latin boxing star in the United States at that point, on his way to being every bit as big as Oscar de la Hoya."

"If his career hadn't been interrupted," says Freddie Roach, who fought the title card on Ayala's pro debut, "him and Marvin Hagler would have had a great championship fight, and you know what? I don't know who would have won. Marvin's a real good friend of mine, but Ayala would have been right there. That's how good he was. People

thought he had the ability to maybe be the best middleweight of all time."

"The only fighter I can compare him with is Mike Tyson," says Bedford. "When he got in the ring, you knew something wild was going to happen. In one fight, he knocked this guy out in the first round. The referee waved the fight off, and Tony came over the top of the referee, trying to hit the guy while he was down. Another time, he knocked a guy out and then spit on him while he was on the ground. He built up anger against an opponent before a fight and just worked himself into a frenzy."

Young Ayala, known to his fans as "El Torito" (The Little Bull), was no stranger to turmoil outside the ring as well. "I first mainlined heroin when I was 12 years old," he says. "I loved it. All my problems were suddenly gone. For those few hours, I didn't remember my pain—the demons that haunted me, the people that had hurt me."

At 15, Ayala faced an attempted-rape charge when, in a drunken stupor, he had taken offense and attacked a girl in a San Antonio drive-in theater restroom. According to the DA's office, Ayala used his skilled fists to savagely beat his victim near the vagina, rupturing her spleen before a security guard could hoist

Twelve Rounds in Hell

him off. With high-priced lawyers in his corner and a \$40,000 payoff to his embattled victim, young Ayala and his handlers were able to first postpone, then plea-bargain, the sentence down to mere probation.

A few years later, Ayala reportedly chatted up two girls who, unimpressed, drove away. The young ladies drove home, then headed out with friends, leaving their car in front so they appeared to be home. Ayala arrived and broke into the house through a bathroom window. He was arrested inside the residence.

Ayala's people sent him to suburban Paterson, New Jersey, in an attempt to keep him out of any further trouble. On New Year's night in 1983, Ayala left his young wife, Lisa, asleep in their suburban apartment and crept downstairs to a unit occupied by a 30-year-old schoolteacher and her roommate. He reportedly broke into the residence through a kitchen window and accosted the young teacher, tying her up with socks and repeatedly raping and sodomizing her at knifepoint.

During the attack, the girl's roommate walked in. Ayala whispered to his victim that, if she said anything, he would kill them both. The frightened captive claimed that everything was fine, but the roommate walked out and



Hitting the comeback trail?
Ayala trains his eye on reclaimed glory.

immediately called the police, who quickly arrived and arrested Ayala. A jury didn't believe Ayala's claims that the sex was consensual (once in prison, he himself admitted that it wasn't) and, after only three hours of deliberation, convicted Ayala of rape. Sentenced to 35 years in state prison, Tony Ayala's promising boxing career now appeared down for the count.

Sixteen years later, on April 20, 1999, Tony Ayala emerged from prison a decidedly middle-aged man. Within a week, he was back in the gym working out with his father, Tony Ayala Sr., the same man who had initially guided him into the sweet science as a child. Within a year, Ayala Jr. made a triumphant return to his hometown of San Antonio. "It was the most dramatic scene I've ever seen in boxing," says Bedford, who arranged and promoted the fight. "With 65,000 people in the Alamo Dome, half the people in the arena had tears in their eyes when they did the walk-in. It was in the very same facility where he had his last fight in San Antonio."

That night, Ayala knocked his ill-fated opponent out in the third round. What appeared to be one of the most dramatic comebacks in boxing history had begun. Bedford advertised Ayala's return with the tagline, "To Hell and Back." The protesters outside the arena were not amused.

Ayala continued his professional resurrection, dispensing of several well-selected opponents with his still-powerful

punches. As the talent of his adversaries grew, so did the buzz that Ayala—although slowed by 16 years behind bars—was still the real deal.

Then, two years ago on a hot July night, Ayala faced a more formidable opponent in onetime IBF junior middleweight champion Ramon Luis "Yory Boy" Campas. In the second round, Ayala landed a hard punch and shattered his left hand in several places.

The fight continued but, unable to utilize his defensive left hook, Ayala resigned himself to angrily enduring his opponent's blows. "It never crossed my mind to stop the fight," says Ayala. "I was on the ropes, blocking myself with my shoulder. He's punching me all over, and I'm thinking, *You punk motherfucker, you can't even knock me out.*"

In the ninth round, Ayala's father threw in the towel, ending the match. At the age of 37,

with a record of 27-0, most of them knockouts, Tony Ayala had suffered his first defeat in the ring. "I lost," Ayala says. "I had never known what it was like, and I started crying. He wouldn't have gone five rounds with me if I hadn't broken my fucking hand."

Following the upset, Ayala spent the next several months self-medicating the ensuing depression with copious amounts of alcohol. As the drinking increased, Ayala appeared to finally lose control. Late one night in December 2000, after arguing with his wife, the 37-year-old boxer appeared uninvited in the darkened home of two local women, one of whom—a teenager

**Sentenced
to 35
years
in state
prison,
Tony Ayala's
promising
boxing career
now appeared
down for
the count.**

**Ayala Sr. and Jr. outside
the family gym.**



named Nancy Gomez—Ayala had known from his father's boxing gym. According to the women's testimony, as they held him at gunpoint and waited for the police to arrive, Ayala reached out for the gun and Gomez blasted a 45-caliber slug into his shoulder, just above the heart. Minutes later police swarmed the home, and the bloodied Ayala was charged with burglary with intent to commit sexual assault. Ten months later, in an aborted trial that seemed to leave neither side satisfied, Ayala pleaded guilty to a lesser charge of attempted burglary and attempted aggravated assault. Instead of the original sentence—a possible life in prison—Ayala received 90 days house arrest and ten-years probation.

Since then, his comeback has faced serious obstacles. Ayala was scheduled to fight in Minnesota last February. He would have been wearing an electronic ankle monitor, and had even agreed to pay for a San Antonio police officer and probation officer to accompany him on the trip. Judge Sam Katz, who sets the terms of his probation, decided at the last minute that Ayala would not be allowed to leave Texas, and the fight was canceled. Ayala fears that his opponents outside the ring are now conspiring to take away his job. The aging boxer believes that, in a few months, much like Tyson, the local commission will simply

refuse to renew his Texas boxing license. "It's a catch-22," Ayala says. "They won't let me go and fight elsewhere, and they'll make me stay here in Texas where I won't be allowed to fight. I think their next goal is to break me financially—have me lose everything that I have."

Promoter Bedford isn't optimistic about Ayala's prospects. "It's gonna be very hard for him to get a title fight now. I'm not saying it's impossible, but I'd say that feel-good part of the story is over."

In this unsure state of affairs, the embattled "El Torito" arrives at a popular eatery in the west-side barrio of his youth. Colored piñatas hang everywhere, and the adjoining courtyard is littered with fake Aztec statues in various stages of ruin. Ayala's hair is thinning, and he is barrel-chested, with a slight paunch. He is accompanied by his pretty wife, Lisa. Ayala proves to be an intensely open, if not consistently conflicted, man.

He talks about how, in prison, he forgot about boxing completely and dedicated himself to therapy to find out why he had committed such a violent and despicable act as rape. He spent years working with a prison psychologist named Brian Raditz who, in a controversial twist, would later become his boxing manager and sometime drinking partner. During their sessions together,

Ayala models new electronic ankle monitor.



Ayala was able to reveal that an older man had molested him as a child. He now believes his rage stems from being sexually abused.

Ayala has never publicly identified the man who molested him, only saying ▶

MIKE TYSON VS. A PARKING-LOT ATTENDANT

Tony Ayala isn't the only violent character in boxing. On April 10, 1989, **Michael Devine**, host of the public-access show *Hollywood and Devine*, was **physically assaulted** by former heavyweight champion of the world "Iron" Mike Tyson. Thirteen years later, Devine looks back on his harsh brush with fame.

HUSTLER: What transpired between you and Tyson?

DEVINE: I was working one night at the parking lot, and Mike Tyson's white limousine pulled up and proceeded to park in the space that belonged to the wife of the owner of [Hollywood theater] the Palace. I ran up and told the driver he couldn't park there. Then Tyson and his bodyguard—who is even bigger than Mike—came charging at me, screaming, "Why can't he park there?" Mike was in my face yelling, real demonic looking. I explained to him that he could park anywhere in the parking lot but that particular spot. He punched me three times—three uppercuts in the stomach. It happened so fast; it was like being in a car accident. His bodyguard

pulls me over and says, "I'll give you \$300 to keep this quiet."

HUSTLER: Then what did you do?

DEVINE: Mike went into the nightclub, the bodyguard walked away, and I went and filed a police report at the police station. The police came back, and Tyson wasn't there.

HUSTLER: Was this before or after Tyson's breakup with Robin Givens?

DEVINE: He had just broken up with Robin. He was going through some sort of mental problem. People were calling me, leaving crackpot messages: "Mike's looking for you." One guy pulled up to me at the parking lot and said, "I'll do to you what Mike Tyson did to you." I just didn't want to deal with it anymore; so I got a lawyer and,

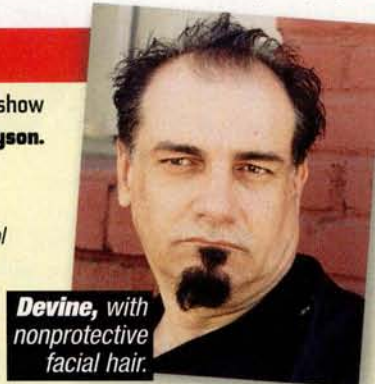
unbeknownst to me, my lawyer and his lawyer went to law school together. They sold me down the river. I should have got someone like Gloria Allred, but I went with a friend of mine's father.

HUSTLER: How much did you finally receive in the settlement?

DEVINE: I got \$25,000. I was asking for \$250,000. I think that's reasonable. All the anguish you go through in something like this—until it happens to you, people don't know. After lawyer fees and court costs, I only got \$8,000.

HUSTLER: Did you have medical bills?

DEVINE: From the \$8,000, I paid for my hernia operation and my teeth—root canals. I went to the psychologist at the free clinic. I



Devine, with nonprotective facial hair.

was a wreck. Each day, I had to write how I felt.

HUSTLER: Do you still have bad dreams about it?

DEVINE: At times. I always have dreams about the parking lot. Whenever Tyson things come up, I just don't want to hear about it.

HUSTLER: What did you think of the rape conviction and the ear-biting incident?

DEVINE: It's a wake-up call, everybody. He's basically a gang member who made it to the top.

Twelve Rounds in Hell

that he was someone close to the family. "I've asked questions about the person and his family, and there are no signs that the behavior is continuing," says Ayala. "Naming him would only create destruction for that family. I've resolved my issues, and he has to resolve his. He did say he was sorry, but I don't think he even understood what he had really done. I just felt pity."

In light of such admissions, Ayala seems genuinely pained that many people refuse to believe he is a reformed man. "With this last trial," he says, "they kept saying that nothing's changed about me. When the reality is, everything's changed about me. I don't lose control and beat up people the way I used to. I don't break into houses and rape women anymore like I used to." He pauses. "Not that I ever raped more than one woman."

"Look, I understand that people want to feel that it's safe to go to sleep at night without worrying somebody's going to break in. I agree with that. I'm a homeowner. I check my doors, and I make sure that everything's locked up. I'm no different than anybody else, and it hurts me that they think I am."

"The conflict," he continues, "is that I love this city so much, and I'm not saying they're wrong. If I wasn't me, I don't know how much I would like me either."

Both Ayala and his wife say

Nancy Gomez, the teenage girl who shot Ayala, was a friend who had been to their house on numerous occasions. Ayala insists that he and the girl were platonic confidants, and he had simply gone over there that night because he and Lisa were fighting and he needed to talk to someone. He shakes his head and laughs. "Leave it to me that the one girl I don't try to fuck is the one that ends up shooting me. I

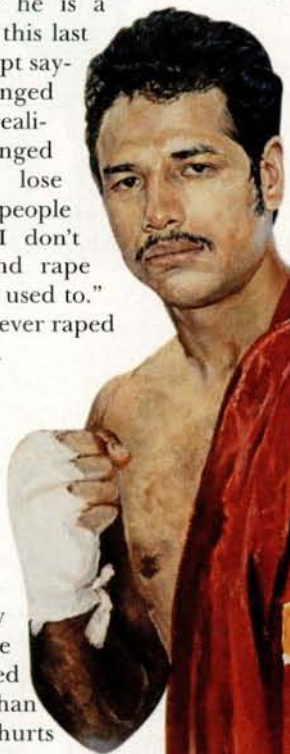
don't mean that to be disrespectful, but everyone was saying there was a love triangle but, because this girl was so young, it's bordering on child molestation, and I don't play that way.

"But I fucked up," he admits. "It wasn't cool of me to go to that residence at three in the morning drunk. And it was stupid to go in the house—forget the fact that it was open. I used extremely poor judgment, and I don't

"'Don't you move, motherfucker. I'll shoot you where you stand.'

He stood up and said,

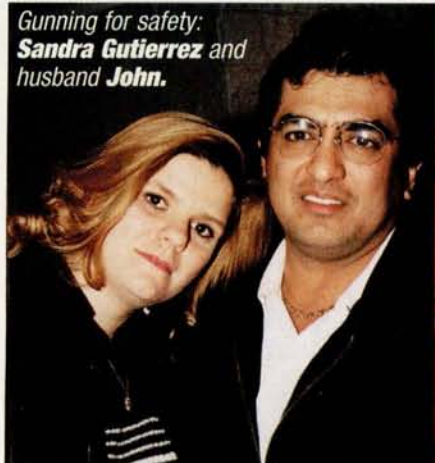
'Don't shoot me, baby.'"



**Time flies;
so do bullets:**

Ayala in his
prime (left) and
now, with entry-
wound scar.

Gunning for safety:
Sandra Gutierrez and
husband John.



make any excuses for that. But to go from that and say, 'He was gonna go in and rape the girl,' well, if that were the case, then why not go in and rape and murder the girl? And if that's the case, why not go in and rape and murder everybody in the house? They knew who I was; they would have identified me. If you think that I thought I'd be found guilty and given a slap on the wrist—I mean, any crime I commit from this point on, I'm going to prison for the rest of my life."

Sitting in a crowded coffee shop with her husband, John, next to her, Sandra Gutierrez is trembling. Nancy Gomez was a friend of Sandra's from the supermarket where the two women worked. When the teen had trouble at home, the couple let her stay with them. They say they knew of Nancy's friendship with Ayala and had warned her to be careful.

According to Sandra, on the night of the shooting, Nancy had been sleeping in the living room when she suddenly burst into the bedroom and woke Sandra, pulling her off the bed and saying, "There's someone in the house!" Sandra quickly retrieved a handgun and went to investigate while Nancy huddled in the corner with Sandra's young son.

Sandra recalls how she crept into the living room and spotted a black-clad figure pressed against a wall near the kitchen. "I cocked the gun and said, 'Don't you move, motherfucker. I'll shoot you where you stand.' He stood up and said, 'Don't shoot me, baby.' I yelled out for Nancy to call the cops and, when she hung up and came back, I told her, 'It's Tony Ayala.' He said that he wanted to talk, and that he had knocked on the door and nobody answered. I said, 'Well that doesn't fucking mean come through my window!'"

Sandra says she told Nancy to grab a pair of pants for her. Sandra then handed the teen the gun. "I told her, 'If that motherfucker moves, you shoot

Lisa Ayala stands by her man.

him.' I'm putting on one pant leg, and he's telling her, 'You're not going to shoot me, after everything I've done for you. We're friends.' The cops were on the way; so he says, 'I'm just gonna leave.' He moves forward, and I tell her, 'Shoot!' and she shot him. He hits the floor and says, 'I can't believe you shot me. What the fuck's wrong with you?' The cops were pounding on the door; so Nancy gave me the gun and went to let them in. I'm trying to fix the gun because a bullet had got caught in there. He's lying on the floor, and all these cops come storming through the house. I'm still fucking with the gun and, finally, I give it to the cops.

"At the trial, his lawyer asked me why I was so frantically trying to fix the gun. Would I have shot to kill him? And I said, 'Yeah. I would have.' His mouth alone, and the way he looked at you, breaking in, and my daughter screaming—that shit was going through my head." Her ▶

BOXING AND CRIME: THE OBVIOUS CONNECTION

Perhaps not coincidentally, many athletes who are paid to beat each other into submission have also been arrested for various crimes. Here is a **partial list of pugilists who, like Ayala, went a few rounds with Johnny Law.**

Fernando Vargas

Vargas was sentenced to **90 days in jail** for his role in a 1999 assault case. While visiting a woman, **Vargas scuffled with her former boyfriend.** He then phoned his future codefendants (including his cousin Ernesto Vargas) who, according to prosecutors, **arrived with clubs** and roughed up the man **as Vargas watched.**

Hector "Macho" Camacho

This former WBC super-featherweight and lightweight champion has been arrested for **cocaine possession, domestic violence** and **drunk driving.**

Richard "Bam Bam" Duran

This fighter, who once lost an International Boxing Federation junior-featherweight-division title bout, turned himself in to the police after **a man was beaten to death** outside a northern Sacramento nightclub.

Ike Padilla

The 32-year-old former Golden Gloves boxing contender was arrested in 2001, along with his wife, for **extortion.** The two allegedly **coerced a podiatrist into paying them \$10,000.** When Padilla—who was convicted in 1994 for **strong-arming ice-packing workers** into joining a union—and a friend asked for **an additional \$8,000**, the Long Island doctor called police, who arrested the boxer outside the doctor's office.

Graciano Rocchigiani

Germany's former world light-heavyweight champion was arrested after **attacking police officers** who found the boxer motionless in a car. One cop was taken to a hospital to be treated for a suspected broken nose.

Ikemufula "Ike" Ibeabuchi

This Nigerian heavyweight contender was due for a title fight when he was placed in jail in July 1999 after an alleged **attempted rape of a stripper** in a Las Vegas hotel room.

Maurizio Minghella

Minghella is a former boxer known



as the "Monster of Genoa" for **tor-turing and killing four women** in Liguria, Italy. Although he was given a **life sentence**, in the mid-'90s Minghella was admitted into a semirelease rehabilitation program, which gave him up to five free hours a day. Authorities now suspect him in the murder of a Moroccan prostitute.

Carlos Monzon

This former middleweight champion died in January 1995 in a car while on a weekend pass from an Argentine prison. He was serving an 11-year sentence for **killing the mother of his four children** by tossing her off of a balcony.

Aaron "the Hawk" Pryor

The junior-middleweight champion was charged with **assaulting his own mother.**

Trevor Berbick

Boxer Berbick has been convicted of **grand theft, misdemeanor assault and raping** his family's baby-sitter.

Dave Hilton Jr.

The WBC super-middleweight champion was convicted in 2001 of **sexually abusing two underage sisters** over a three-year period.

Kickboxing

Honorable Mention:

Somkiet Thatthai

The 36-year-old Thai amateur kickboxer better known by the nickname "Olono" was arrested for **killing and molesting a neighbor's cow.** The necrophiliac zoophile reportedly tried to fuck the bovine, but the pregnant cow refused to be penetrated. Olono then allegedly **beat the beast to death with a heavy stick and fucked her.** In court Olono boasted, "If anyone has a beautiful, young cow they need taken care of, I'm happy to oblige." A policeman reported that the kickboxer also admitted to having **sexual relations with pigs, dogs, cows and buffalo.**

Twelve Rounds in Hell

husband shakes his head. "[Ayala] got lucky in so many ways," he says. "The clip that was in that gun usually has hollow points."

Tony Ayala and his wife, Lisa, live in a large, two-story wood house on the edge of the working-class neighborhood where Tony grew up. He recently bought the home with money he had earned fighting since being released from prison. Sitting in the sprawling yard and gently cradling a pet cat, Ayala talks of the lessons he has learned over the years.

"I fucking raped a woman," he says. "There's something wrong with that. Why did I do that? Because ultimately the way you show that there are no gay tendencies in you is by being sexual with a woman. I was molested by a male and, for me, it told me I was soft, weak, unable to defend myself and perhaps gay. I didn't like it, and it felt wrong, but there is an arousal from your body when you're touched; so the messages all got confused. In my mind growing up, there was this voice saying, *You're a fag. You're this and that.* It would act itself out when I was under the influence. In that state of mind, if someone looked at me with disrespect, they were going to take a beating. Rape is not about sex; it's

about control. The rape to me was taking back the control that was taken from me when I was molested; so the abused became the abuser. This is information that I didn't have before, that I had to learn and immerse myself in. I'm still learning; I'm still making changes."

Brian Raditz, Ayala's ex-psychologist and current career adviser, further

"People get off on the violence," Ayala says. "They live out their dark fantasies through other people."

elaborates, "He'll never rape anybody or [do] anything like that [again]. He resolved his demons years ago, but he still can't handle drinking. Unfortunately, no matter what people tell him, he has to realize it for himself. Luckily, he didn't die this time."

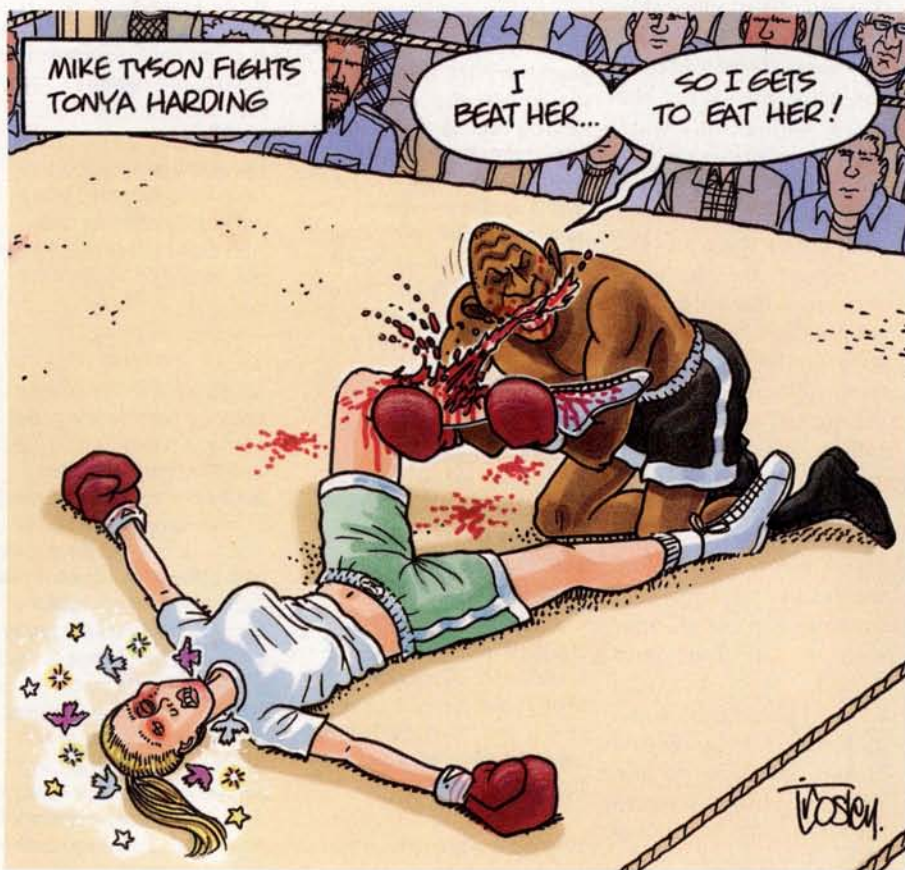
In a cafe near the county courthouse, Ayala's wife sips coffee while her hus-

band is next door being fitted with an electronic ankle monitor. "I was in denial about that incident for at least two years, thinking that it was consensual," she says of the New Jersey rape that landed Ayala in prison. "I wasn't ready to face the truth. He asked me if I wanted to know what happened, and I said no. Finally, I felt I was ready, and he told me what actually did happen, and it was awful. I began to understand after he explained to me about being molested as a child. I didn't know that. I could see the difference in him once he started therapy. He was such an introvert, and now you're lucky to get two words in edgewise. I guess he doesn't have as much to hide anymore."

After the shooting incident, Lisa left her husband for nine months. "I was so mad because I would never have believed that we would have encountered the law again, and here we are, all over again. I knew something was going to happen. It was snowballing with his drinking. When he made bail the next night, he called and said, 'Come get me.' I packed my clothes and I left, and his brother went and got him. I wasn't home when he got home."

When Ayala shows up, sporting a thick new ankle bracelet, breakfast is ordered and the conversation turns to boxing. "People get off on the violence," Ayala says. "They live out their dark fantasies through other people. Being that we're animals basically, we all have that primal calling more than we'd like to admit. We wash our ass and we brush our teeth, and we try to believe that we're above everything, but we really still have those basic primal needs: eating, drinking, sex and war."

When asked how knocking out an opponent feels, Ayala leans forward and replies, "Like God. I would imagine it's the closest thing to being like God—to control somebody else. I hit a guy, and it's like, *I can do anything I want to you. I own you. Your life is mine, and I will do with it what I please.* It's a really sadistic mentality, but that's what goes on in my mind. It's really evil—there's no other way to put it. You'll have these other fighters, and they'll never admit to that: 'Oh, it's a sport, and I'm just trying to win my fight.' Well, you're winning at the expense of somebody else's health. You're trying to beat this person into submission. It's the only way I know how; I step into that dark, most evil part of me, and I physically destroy somebody else, and I will do with them what I want."



LAYLA & CHAS

GEARED UP

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MATTI KLATT

Chas approaches distressed, statuesque siren Layla in the phone booth across the street from his garage. **"What's the problem, miss?"** the mechanic asks.

"This goddamn phone is busted, my car is dead, and I'm not where I need to be," Layla snarls.

The good Samaritan inspects her well-oiled machine. **"I'll take care of everything once I get under the hood."**

"Fuck the car," the platinum-blond smirks.

Chas's greasy hand smears across her clean, smooth leg. **"How about I screw the car, and fuck you?"** the gearhead replies.

"On second thought," Layla muses, **"I'm right where I need to be. Think you can give me a jump?"**

Phone



















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When it comes to Penis Enlargement, you have several options, but only one answer... The Original Longitude Penis Enlargement Capsules, Here's Why:

Longitude VS. Pumps and Weights

The first thing that comes to mind when I think of Penis Pumps, is that Austin Powers movie. I mean really... what would you do if your lover stumbled upon your pump? How embarrassed would you be?

Not to take anything away from pumps- some men do say they work, but I've also heard that it is painful to have your penis being sucked down a clear plastic tube. And remember, every time you use it, you have to spend time cleaning it.

Pumps can cost up to \$150 or more, and as you can imagine, the more you spend, the better your results. But I still think you can do better with Longitude.

And what about Hanging-Weights... OUCH! If you think strapping a few pounds of metal around your penis is fun, count me out. Not only is it painful, it's STUPID, you can do a ton of damage to your penile ligaments. Don't be surprised when you get giant, nasty bruises on your penis that are so painful, you won't even be able to get an erection. Pass on the pumps and weights.

Longitude VS. Invasive Surgery

Ever since hearing about what happened to my college buddy Marcus, I advise everyone I care about to stay away from penis surgery.

Marcus wasn't happy with the size of his penis, so he had an operation with hopes of being "gorilla-sized". But today, his King-Kong dream is a shriveled-up nightmare.

First of all, his penis is so ugly, it looks like a football. And secondly, he lost total sensation in his penis and is not able to get an erection no matter how hard he tries.

He ruined his life. His girlfriend left him, and he is unable to keep new women because of his problem. And just the sight of his penis is enough to make you have newfound love for your penis, even if it is 4-inches long.

Lets pretend Marcus's surgery went well... it still cost several thousands of dollars, he had to go to the hospital and take off work. And just the thought of someone going near my johnson with a knife is enough to turn my stomach.

Longitude VS. Knockoff Pill Scams

As with any great product, greedy scam-artists will knock it off.

Longitude has documented growth of up to 3-inches. Some of our knockoffs go as far as copying our ads almost word-for-word, then simply inflate our claims of 3-inches to 5 or 6 inches. Is their scam pill really going to DOUBLE the size of your penis? I don't think so. They'll say anything to fool you.

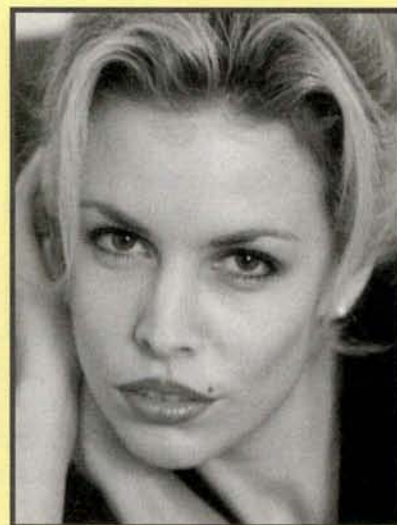
A copycat product will never perform as well as the original. Longitude capsules are formulated in our 47,000 sq. ft. lab that is one of only 20 in the US that has been approved by the NNFA (National Nutritional Food Association) to comply with rigorous GMP standards. (Good Manufacturing Practices). This ensures your capsules will never contain rodent feces, crushed roaches, or things even worse.

Who knows where and how other's capsules are being created? *In a garage?* Knockoffs haven't been known to worry much about quality control. Sure, you may be able to save a few dollars purchasing a fake... but remember, you have to swallow it!

Plus, we employ over 100 Nutritional Experts to answer any of your questions. With these knockoffs, you're lucky to get a live operator, let alone someone who knows anything about nutrition. Save yourself time and get the results you're after, buy the real thing.

It's your choice... Pumps... Weights... Surgery... Knockoff Scams... or the Original Longitude Capsules... Read my ad on the next 3 pages and call us. Longitude is the only product that will make your penis so long, you won't believe its yours- GUARANTEED by over 1 Million Men every year!

67% of Women Say They're UNHAPPY With The Size Of Their Lover's Penis...



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*The Average Penis Size Is Just 6 Inches...
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Guaranteed To Increase Your Penis
Size By 1"... 2"... 3"... or more in just
a few short weeks! (*with absolutely
no adverse side-effects*)

Dear Fellow Man...

What I'm about to tell you is absolutely true.
If you believe me, you will be greatly rewarded for the
rest of your life. If you don't believe me... I'll make it
worth your while to change your mind. Let me
explain.

I'm the President of what I believe is, the most
advanced Herbal Nutrition Company in the United
States. Over the past few years, my company created
some incredible, breakthrough products... but this one
has been our most successful by far!

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capsules every day... it will make your penis grow in
both length and thickness by a whopping 26%.

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96% of the men who try LONGitude have great suc-
cess, growing 1"... 2"... 3"... and more. I myself
gained 2 1/8" in just 8 short weeks on LONGitude. I
am extremely pleased with this product's performance.

I'm a single guy... so I do date quite often and
let me tell you man-to-man... NOTHING, and I mean
NOTHING beats the look on my lover's face as she
sees it for the first time... watching her gasp... almost
in disbelief... with a slight look of fear in her eyes. I
can't describe how confident a bigger penis makes me
feel!

You Don't Believe Me... Right?

I don't blame you for being skeptical of
LONGitude... hell, even when my research team told
me they had finally got it right after 3 years of
research and testing, I didn't believe it. That's why I
tried LONGitude personally.

Let Me Explain How LONGitude Works... It'll Help Convince You...

Your penis has three chambers... 2 large ones
on top which are your erectile tissue and one smaller
one on the bottom which you urinate and ejaculate
from. And...

(next page please...)

When you get an erection, your brain releases a hormone which sends blood to your penis, filling your erectile tissue. The blood cavities in your erectile tissue fill to the maximum, giving you an erection.

LONGitude will give you a more muscular look, surely standing apart from other penis... A penis your lover will remember for the rest of her life!

100% Natural & Safe
LONGitude Will:

Here's What You Can Expect To Happen Taking LONGitude:

- Week 1-3:** Your penis will experience greater and longer lasting erections and a noticeable increase in thickness.
- Week 4-8:** Your penis will have grown in length and will possess much more thickness in both- erect and flaccid states.
- Week 9+:** Your penis will have taken on a new body, not just longer and thicker, but much harder and healthier.

Now get this... the maximum your erectile tissue can fill with blood creates the size your erect penis presently is. But here's the breakthrough we've discovered... Your erectile tissue can be developed much larger and stronger than it is with our product LONGitude.

Simply put... your penis is EXTREMELY unfit and smaller than what it could be if your erectile tissue chambers were larger (holding more blood). LONGitude will go to work on these chambers - increasing their size in both length and width... to hold more blood... getting you a few extra inches you wish you were born with.

After just a few days on LONGitude, you will start to see and feel much difference in the way your penis hangs and feels when erect.

LONGitude will also promote increased sensitivity... getting you more "feelings" during intercourse, enabling you to achieve ROCK HARD erections ANY time you desire.

- Strengthen and harden your erections like a length of STEEL PIPE!

- Develop your PC Muscle to form a truly "muscular" looking penis that will impress and arouse your lover. I guarantee they'll brag to their friends.

- Enlarge your penis 1-4" or more AT HOME, without vacuum pumps, weights, or surgery.

- Intensify your orgasms.

- Achieve more powerful thrusting ability.

- Last as long as you want without drugs.

- Achieve ROCK HARD erections any time you want... your lover won't believe it!

- Safely and Permanently enhance your penis size, strength, and ability without expensive and dangerous pumps, weights, drugs, or surgery.

- And much, much more!

When you feel you are at your peak performance level in penis size and mass... you'll have a new found confidence... knowing you can please any woman more than any other man could - no matter how hard he tried!

It's pretty simple to understand... the size of your erectile tissue chambers is what limits your penis to the size it is now. LONGitude painlessly makes these chambers longer and wider, holding more blood... making your penis several inches longer.

90% Of Men Have A 6" Penis...

That's The Average Size
LONGitude is made for men that
are NOT HAPPY WITH
AVERAGE!

You don't want to make an average income... live in an average home... drive an average car... why settle for an average penis... especially since it is inexpensive and safe to have some serious machinery between your legs.

Try LONGitude without risk...
here's how:

A One-Month supply of LONGitude (60 capsules) costs just \$59.95 plus shipping. Get yourself a bottle right now by calling 1-800-518-3492 with your credit card, 24 hours a day - 7 days a week. We'll rush you off a bottle of LONGitude... try them as recommended- just 2 easy-to-swallow capsules per day.

You're Guaranteed To See An
Increase Of ONE FULL INCH
in 30-Days
Or You Pay NOTHING!

If after trying LONGitude for 30-days, you do not experience a FULL INCH in length and a noticeable increase in thickness, simply send the bottle back to us and we'll refund 100% of your money - even the shipping fees you've incurred! No questions asked!

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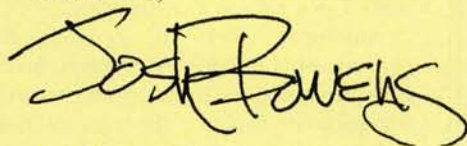
Easy- with a 96% success rate... we're more than confident it'll work for you... with amazing results that almost defy belief! Think about it... standing in the mirror with a penis 1"... 2"... 3" larger... or more. That would be something, wouldn't it?

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PS: In a recent survey conducted by Durex Condoms, 67% of women said that they are unhappy with the size of their lover's penis. Proof that size does matter! A larger penis has much more surface

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PPS: A special bonus if you are one of the first 250 men to try LONGitude risk-free... You'll receive FREE membership into our Preferred Customer Club where you'll receive a \$20 discount off every future bottle of LONGitude. In addition, so you do not go a day without our capsules, you'll automatically receive a new 30-day supply every month and we'll bill you just \$39.95, plus shipping - that's \$20 OFF the retail price. Trust me- after a week on LONGitude you will not want to

live a day without this product until you reach your optimum length. Once you reach your optimum length in about 3 months, call us and we'll stop sending automatic shipments. There is no minimum amount of bottles to buy and you can cancel shipments at any time. And if you take us up on our 30-day money back guarantee, your credit card will never be billed again.

PPPS: This breakthrough product will make your penis grow, and grow until you decide it's the perfect size. When it reaches it's optimum size, stop taking LONGitude. You do not have to take LONGitude ever again- the results are permanent. Most users stop taking LONGitude once they reached 8" to 9" (about 12 weeks). It is not advised to go past the 9" limit for the simple fact that you'll be too big for many women.

Here's Some Of The Most Common Questions New Users Have:

What Is LONGitude?

LONGitude is a 100% safe and natural formula that is guaranteed to increase penis size by an average of 26%.

How Does LONGitude Work?

LONGitude permanently enlarges your two erectile tissue chambers in your penis to hold more blood during an erection... thus, making your penis much, much larger in size.

Are There Any Negative Side-Effects?

Absolutely zero. A positive side-effect is that you'll be more sensitive, enjoying intercourse more.

How Do I Take LONGitude?

Simply take 2 easy to swallow capsules every day.

How Long Can I Expect My Penis To Get?

Measure yourself during full erection and add 26% - that is the average size increase. LONGitude will continue to work the longer you use it.

How Long Will It Take To Work?

LONGitude will start working instantly, making your penis thicker and erect more often. Length growth starts a few weeks later and the total process usually takes 12 weeks.

How Long Should I Take LONGitude?

Take it until you get to 8" or 9". After you get to this size, we advise you stop taking it. Any longer of a penis would be too large for most women to handle.

What Are The Ingredients of LONGitude?

LONGitude is a proprietary blend of the following 100% safe and natural ingredients: Zinc, 300 Yohimbe, Maca, Catuaba, Muira Pauma, Oyster Meat, L-Arginine, Oat Straw, Nettle Leaf, Cayenne, Pumpkin Seed, Sarsaparilla, Orchic Substance, Licorice Root, Astragalus, Tribulus, Boron, and Ginseng.

To "try" LONGitude risk-free for an entire 30-days, call TOLL-FREE 1-800-518-3492 (anytime 24 hours a day) or... Go to www.longitudecapsules.com to order online and to view some DRAMATIC before and after photos!!!

An Officer and a Tranny Chaser

(continued from page 76) they wander from apartment to apartment, smoking rock and fucking. The women that do this are called 'rock stars' and, of course, they all have about four babies who get stuffed in some back room. I don't think those kids have a prayer but, if I can get them to safety or even give them a moment's relief, I feel good about myself and about the job. And if I can crack a motherfucker's skull who's fucking with these kids in the process, I feel fuckin' great! You save one life, you've done God's work."

Keough attributes his after-hours she-male hobby to another key cosmic figure. "The tranny shit is pure Satan," he laughs. "A guy once told me that he loved fucking his girlfriend in the ass because it's 'against God.' That blew my mind. Fucking a transsexual in the ass pushes that idea as far as it can go—without being gay. I'm not saying gays are the devil's people or any bullshit like that, but being a straight guy and partying with a chick who has a penis is as far out as kinky goes, short of shit-eating and suffocation. I grew up Catholic, and the tranny thing strikes me as completely unholy. That's a big part of the thrill."

* * *

Much to his surprise, Keough has convinced his boyhood idol, Bergen

Street Billy, to step out of Brooklyn on a Friday night to attend a weekly party called "Wag the Drag." As per Keough's usual, the dance club is awash with skirts under which there will never be a need for tampons.

Trannies of every stripe prod and proposition the boyish-faced peace officer from the moment he finds a comfortable

"The tranny shit is pure Satan," he laughs.

"Fucking a transsexual in the ass pushes that idea as far as it can go—without being gay."

seat. "I can't let it go to my head," says the chick-with-dick magnet. "A lot of them are pros. They make the pickup here and go to one of those fleabag hotels on the West Side Highway. Sometimes they make the deal right here. Good luck trying to get into the bathroom."

A perusal of the club reveals back

rooms with soft couches and virtually no illumination. Guys and pseudo-girls cuddle, make out and whisper in one another's ears. Twinkling Christmas lights that spell out "LAPLAND" demarcate an area just off the main dance floor, where insouciant femmes grind their vitals on the hard-ons of seated male money-drippers.

In the course of the Lapland hijinks, more than a few engorged tranny prongs visibly emerge from the she-males' fuck-me apparel.

"Guys want to see our dicks now," explains Mistress Lemora, a milky-skinned "committed pre-op"—that is to say, determined to keep "her" male genitalia—in her 30s. "We used to have to tuck. Like this, watch." The good Mistress peeks to make sure the coast is clear, tosses her long, raven mane over her shoulder and raises her rubber skirt to her waist. Her flaccid cock is long but, as Lemora says, "You ain't seen nothing yet." She pulls her member as though it were Silly Putty, turns her bare ass to her small audience and places her yanked-out shaft between her butt cheeks, turning her cock into a meat thong.

Mistress Lemora enjoys her subculture's recent loin liberation. "I'd sit on my balls sometimes," she remembers of her stash-the-shaft days. "Even though they get shrunk by the hormones, it doesn't hurt any less." She eschews another modern wrinkle in she-male protocol though. "I might pop Viagra if I know I'm going to fuck somebody and I want to party, but a lot of these girls eat that shit like candy. They stay rock-hard all the time. Maybe I'm lucky that I've stayed fully functional, and maybe I shouldn't jinx that by saying anything, but a five-hour erection can feel like just another accessory and that, like all the pills I have to take in general to keep my figure and such, I don't need any more of."

Among the lucky lads receiving the charms of Lapland is Bergen Street Billy. His presence prompts an overarching question: What do the trannies make of fellows such as Billy?

"They're gay faggots, *maricóns*," posits Lady Bianca, one of many *latinas con huevos* on the premises. "They just don't admit it. We are like halfway to them; so they can accept it."

"I don't think it's that cut-and-dry," Mistress Lemora interjects. "I think human sexuality is fluid."

"You can't tell me that when you go home with boys from here that they don't suck your dick and beg you to fuck their asses," Lady Bianca insists. "They all do, and that is (continued on page 126)

J. Bille



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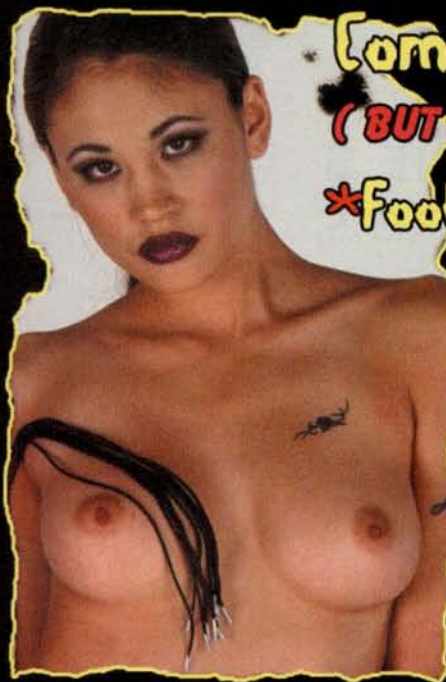
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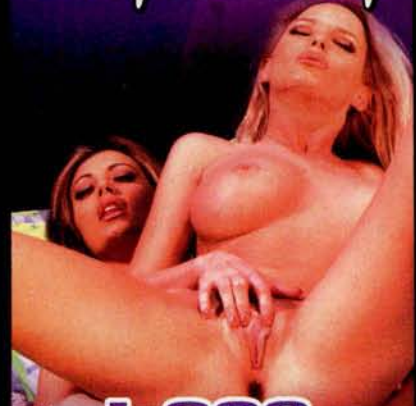
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An Officer and a Tranny Chaser

(continued from page 112) faggot behavior."

"True, true," Lemora concedes.

Both Lemora and Bianca, like the vast majority of Wag the Drag's namesake partygoers, usually leave with fattened eyeliner-and-popper funds. Regardless, Bianca makes plain, "I ain't no ho, dolly." She considers her day job as a hairdresser in the Bronx to be her true vocation.

"I'm in retail," says Lemora, echoing the sentiment. "I work at a glam boutique in the East Village. I'm not an escort. I'm not a prostitute. For lack of a less stupid term, I'm a party girl. I show men a good time and, if they want to show me some appreciation in return in the form of money, well, that's what keeps the party going. That's all. I don't do anything as low-class as negotiate prices or insist on cash up front, let alone put an ad in *Screw* or anything. There's just an understanding between myself and the guys I party with. They like to slip me a few dollars to buy myself something nice with, and I like them for it. It works out for everybody."

In the cascading illumination of an overhead mirror ball, Bergen Street Billy is enjoying the expansive seat of an older transvestite in an evening gown. He stumbles to the bar and tells Mistress Lemora to let Officer Keough know that he's

splitting—and not alone. The Mistress is happy to pass along the message.

"I absolutely adore that cop kid," she says. "I'm just not his type. He's what I like to call a handjob heartbreaker. That's a certain type of guy who comes to tranny clubs once in a while, and he's so cute and straight that money never even enters your mind—you just want

"If tranny prostitutes were legal and guaranteed free of disease, I don't know if I'd even have time to go to my goddamn job."

to get your hands and lips all over him. But here's the heartbreak part—all that type ever wants is to get jerked off. Then you vanish right in front of them. Officer Kevin is a prime example."

Mistress Lemora knows of what she speaks. The next time anyone sees Keough, he's pressing into a lithe, olive-hued, five-foot-nothing cutie, providing

her eager fist with some pointed material to work with. He grunts. She moans. The exchange is over.

"Believe it or not, that's legal," Keough declares upon his sweaty return. He points to a sign of "do's and don'ts" that is mounted on virtually every wall in the club. "J/O is OK," it reads. So is "Ass Play." Just nothing involving phallic penetration or tongues. "Quite frankly," Keough continues, "I can't believe anything this much fun is allowed by law. The laws of man, anyway."

The corner of Ninth Avenue and 14th Street has ranked among Manhattan's most notorious for decades. "Fuckin' AIDS was invented here," patrolman Keough chuckles. "And it's not like it ever vacated the premises either."

Even during Mayor Giuliani's infamous sterilization of the city's sexual fringes, transvestite hookers worked these streets. They hid in the shadows and ducked in the many stinky crevices of the accurately named Meat Packing District. Their clients have always been Jersey boys and outer-borough closet cases, and the incidence of intravenous-narcotic use among this ravaged underclass bumps up against 100%.

Keough is on the job now, and tonight's tour of duty is a walk up 14th to the Hudson River. The sight of his uniform sends the streetwalkers running.

"I see these trannies, and it's like, no way," Keough says. "Believe me, I get plenty of offers for free blowjobs. I just feel really bad for them. I've always said that prostitution should be legal, with the hookers getting tested for STDs and the city collecting taxes. It would save lives and make my goddamn job a lot easier. If tranny prostitutes were legal and guaranteed free of disease, I don't know if I'd even have time to go to my goddamn job."

The street literally reeks of death. Adding to the pungent mix is an African-American transsexual who is barely propped against a half-demolished telephone booth, puking all over the curb. Keough snaps on a pair of rubber gloves and asks the stricken whore if he should call an ambulance. The vomit machine is drunk, cracked out and near delirious.

"I'm just trying to sell some pussy," this person who clearly has no pussy, salable or otherwise, mumbles. "I'm just trying to make some money."

"Fuck," Keough grunts. "Now I have to have somebody bring you in." He rolls his eyes as he radios for assistance and observes disdainfully, "To protect and serve, right?"



"When you asked me if I wanted to see Men in Black 2 I thought you meant Will Smith...Tommy Lee Jones...."



Beaver Hunt

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Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$500, and the Finalists' photographers win \$250. All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* receive a one-year subscription to *HUSTLER*. Fill out the model release below, and include copies of two forms of ID. Your photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of *HUSTLER Magazine*.



Carola of Bucharest, Romania, digs rock concerts and yachting. While the stunning 21-year-old Eastern European student clearly enjoys plugging herself, she'd like to try "sex with women too." Don't let us stop you, Carola.

—Photo by Friend



Wendy hangs wallpaper by day and hosts online video-chat sessions at night. The 34-year-old Salt Lake City, Utah, denizen loves wave running, snowboarding, skiing, hot-tubbing and fucking. When it comes to fantasies, Wendy says, "I've fulfilled most of mine." Any suggestions?

—Photo by Friend

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Venus, 22, is a student from Toronto, Canada. This jewelry-laden sex goddess enjoys working, fucking, clubbing, partying and belly dancing, but dreams of "being fucked doggy-style while kissing another chick...or eating her out."

—Photo by Friend



Abbie, 22, of Salem, Oregon, enjoys camping, fishing and riding her quad through sand dunes almost as much as the day-care provider loves posing nude with Old Glory. Someday, the pierced patriot would love to nail "more than one person at a time." God bless America.

—Photo by Friend

Jaclyn, of Lynchburg, Virginia, lives for sexual experimentation, music, painting and photography. The 20-year-old cook's quest for carnal fulfillment starts with "a threeway with my guy and another woman."

—Photo by Boyfriend





Angel, a 25-year-old nail technician from Los Angeles, California, loves horseback riding and long walks on the beach. Angel's sexual fantasy involves "sleeping with *HUSTLER Magazine's Publisher*." Smart one, Angel. We've got a soft spot for suck-ups.
—Photo by Friend



Heaven is a 27-year-old student from Rockville, Maryland. This divine piece of ass is into studying law, acting, day trading, watching movies and activism. The cheery Beaver longs to "make love to the man who kills Osama bin Laden." Let's just hope the camel-humping bastard doesn't commit suicide first.
—Photo by Friend



Fall is the time when the leaves turn and Beavers emerge from their summer homes. **Shantelle**, a 28-year-old adult entertainer from Toronto, Canada, enjoys dancing, traveling, cooking and gardening, and plans to someday migrate "to Havasu Falls in Grand Canyon and have sex there with my honey."
—Photo by Friend



Jasmin, 23, of Durham, Connecticut, takes pleasure in painting, watching movies, going to the beach, reading and cooking. The exotic coed dreams of "having sex at night under the full moon on the beach."

—Photo by Boyfriend



Kat, 25, of Camarillo, California, dreams of "having my way with Angelina Jolie and the porn star Janine." When she's not fantasizing about her star-studded threeway, the administrative assistant enjoys horseback riding, all-night sex games and relaxing in the tub.

—Photo by Husband



College student Alissa White likes to play hard. The 21-year-old Stockton, California, cutie is an avid rock climber who dreams of "having sex in front of a bunch of guys." Because of her active lifestyle, the busy Beaver also takes great pleasure in sleeping. What we wouldn't give to help tire Alissa out.

—Photo by Friend





"I'm very persistent," boasts Caitlin of Cincinnati, Ohio. The 25-year-old career gal digs hanging out, swimming and sunbathing, but would really love "getting it on with a really hot girl."

—Photo by Friend

To hell with the furniture. When it comes to fucking, Marlene of Los Angeles, California, couldn't give two shits about the upholstery. The 27-year-old nursing student enjoys wearing sexy clothes and flashing, but would really "like to have sex in an airplane."

—Photo by Husband



Barbie is a registered nurse and part-time teacher from Inez, Kentucky. The hardworking 31-year-old enjoys skinny-dipping and experimenting with marital aids. Someday, this living doll would love to nail "my husband and two other men" or craft her own "X-rated video" while "masturbating with sex toys."

—Photo by Husband



Keeping it real nasty is Mandi's top priority. The 22-year-old phone psychic from Dayton, Ohio, enjoys in-line skating, swimming, running, nude photography, home videos and the Internet, and longed "to make it in HUSTLER so all the men and women can get off looking at me."

—Photo by Boyfriend



All the gold in her hometown of Fort Knox, Kentucky, couldn't buy a twat as treasured as 21-year-old Amanda's. This precious piece excels at Tae Kwon Do, dancing and all-night fuckfests, but values "sex with two guys at the same time" above all else.

—Photo by Friend

"I am ambitious and hardworking," boasts Lola of the Czech Republic.

The 24-year-old Euro-babe loves skiing and going to parties, but has higher aspirations. "I would like to have my own business," Lola says.

In the meantime, Lola is satisfied with selling nude snapshots. "I like the feeling that the readers can watch me naked."

—Photo by Friend



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WHAT WILL THE PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

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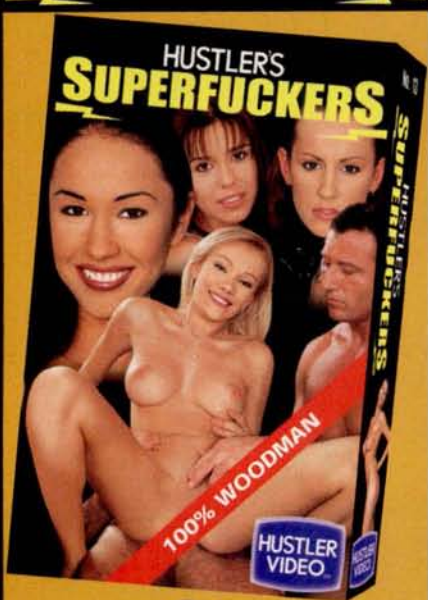
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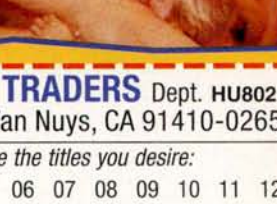
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(continued from page 50) sopping into my underpants when he removed them and noted it to the gang. I'll always cherish being twirled around in front of my man's friends, butt-naked, as they hollered and tried to find places to stick their money.

"Mike," I panted, "let's go in the other room."

"Can I bring a friend?" he winked.

Jerry was at my elbow in a shot, his fresh, young-man's grin stretching wider. I was up for anything, but the setup seemed a bit queer. Had the evening gone the way I feared just then, I would be writing to *Penthouse* instead of *HUSTLER*. Thankfully, Mike planned to watch the younger man fuck me.

In the bedroom, Jerry shoved me down on the bed and dropped trou. Mike nodded encouragement to me as his randy pal's knuckles scudded over my nipples, making my surgically inflated rack wobble like two gelatin molds. This boy had mounted his fair share of females, I suppose; he wedged his thick python into my willing cooter as casually as John Wayne holstering his gun.

Jerry porked with long strokes, kneading my knobs so hard that I suspected he was trying to squeeze the implants out through my nipples. Shoving my fun bags up past my chin, he noisily slurped at them on each upstroke of his groin.

I crammed my boobies together and held them in place for the rapidly hammering stud, concentrating on the wild motion of his sizable cock traveling at least ten inches with each thrust. If his dick had an odometer, he'd have put 100 miles on it that night.

My cunt became swampy, and my nerps stood out like two cherries. Moist as my beef-flaps were, the friction from Jerry's vigorous pistoning was drenching my already torrid love-pit even more. When the clever boy pushed a thumb against my butthole, the weather conditions in my fuck-addled poontang upgraded from a tropical storm to a hurricane.

I could feel a heat approaching that of open flame radiating from my thickened nipples. Relief came only in quick swabs of Jerry's tongue as he lapped at my milk spouts.

My breast-buds exploded as I edged into an earthshaking climax that intensified as Jerry began banging me so hard that my head thudded against the headboard.

I rode the orgasm out with my eyes closed, a carnal tattoo pounding into the crown of my skull. As the pleasure subsided, I lifted my eyelids to see Mike beaming at me, which brought me off again. I knew right then that I was making a big hit with his group.

"Je-Jerry," I moaned between bouts of ecstasy. "C-come on—c-come on...."

"What?" the young man huffed as his face swooped down for another lap across my knockers.

"What's wrong, Tammy?" Mike grinned, delighting at the trouble I was having speaking in my rapturous state.

Unable to find or form the words, I licked my own fleshy pillows, wagging them up and down with my fingers for emphasis.

"Come—on—m-my—t-tits," I finally managed.

Mike's laughter filled the room, but Jerry knew I was serious. A few more wet, deep pokes, and the respectful fucker pulled out.

Jerry wrapped his johnson in my sweaty bosom to finish. I felt a preparatory blurt of goo flip out of his cock-tip, lubricating my enhanced cleavage even further. The impressively hung male buried his dong between my milkers, but the dribbly tip protruded with each

forward shove. I wiggled my tongue and tried to taste the mushroom-cap, and that was all it took to coax his balls into unloading.

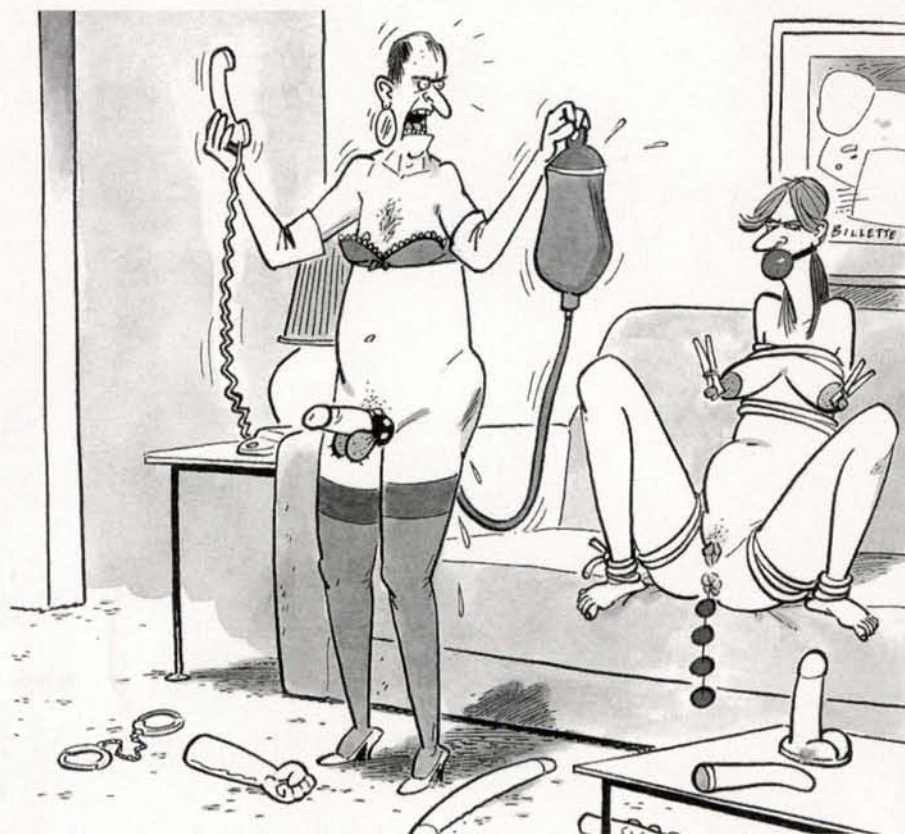
Jerry's first blast smacked into my lips, but several powerful jets of gluey, white spooze splatted into the humid valley of my cleavage. The vigorous punk had enough gunk left over to crisscross the tops of my tits three or four times with sticky man-milk. I leaned forward and let cum drip from my chin onto my jugs to complete the design. It was a string of pearls fit for an empress.

Mike applauded as Jerry stood and I sat up. My boyfriend put a hand on each of our shoulders.

"Tammy," he said, "you are one hell of a lay. Thanks for making this day so special."

It turns out that Jerry was to be married the next day. It was a sweet gesture on Mike's part to share his girlfriend for his buddy's last fling, and so much more personal than just finding some old whore for Jerry's bachelor party. —T. D.
Orlando, Florida

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The **MAGNA-RX+** Formula is so powerful, so effective, so complete, we 100% guarantee that you will **NEVER** have to purchase any more than the 60-day supply included in this special offer. We could easily make **MAGNA-RX+** much weaker and then ask to automatically re-bill your credit card each month for the next 2 months, like some companies do. We focus on getting the best results, as quickly as possible. That is the secret of our success! With the **MAGNA-RX+** System, you can skyrocket 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less – with nothing else to buy ever again.

WHAT RESULTS CAN YOU EXPECT?

Use the **MAGNA-RX+** Penis Enlargement Formula daily for 3-5 weeks (one potent pill a day is all you need), and:

- You'll increase your penis size by 2 to 5 full inches
- Your penis will be thicker and fuller
- Your confidence level & self-esteem will soar
- You'll satisfy your lover like never before

BUY 1, GET 1 FREE (A \$60 SAVINGS!)

If you're ready to become the biggest man you can be, then order your supply of **MAGNA-RX+** today. See for yourself, what thousands of satisfied men (and their lovers) have already discovered: **MAGNA-RX+** is the world's #1 best-selling **Penis Enlargement Formula** for one very simple reason: **IT WORKS & NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!**

Need another reason to try **MAGNA-RX+**? How about 50% OFF our regular price! **MAGNA-RX+** normally retails for \$59.95 for a 30-day supply, but if you order now, we'll include a second month's supply absolutely FREE! Imagine being able to increase your penis size up to 5 full inches for less than a \$1.00 a day!

WHAT SOME OF OUR SATISFIED CLIENTS HAVE TO SAY:

"I've been using your product for 2 months now. I've increased my length from 6" to nearly 8-1/2". Your product has helped me give a little extra to the love in my life." – W.B., Washington, D.C.

"I was amazed at how effective it was at increasing length and girth from 5" to 6-1/2" in just 3 weeks!!! Feel free to use this letter in your future advertisements." – V.W., Illinois

"My girlfriend loves the results, but she doesn't know what I do. She thinks it's natural, so help me!" – T.M., Oklahoma

"I'm too shy to tell the whole world, but I don't mind telling you that... I went from 3-1/2" to 6". I'm trying for even more." – R.C., South Carolina

ALL LETTERS ON FILE

ADDITIONAL PRODUCTS FOR MEN & WOMEN!

Amazing New Sex Pill Gets Men Erect & Ready – Gets Women Hot & Eager!

SATIVOL

The secret is an enzyme from certain grasses that works on the centers of the brain concerned with libido (desire and performance). Now it's possible to manufacture a highly concentrated dose of the enzyme that has a pronounced effect upon humans!

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Sativol is proven effective in two research studies. These studies proved **Sativol** measurably (1) increased sexual desire (horniness), (2) increased performance (erections), (3) increased feeling (pleasure).

- Feel a natural erection – big, hard, throbbing!
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- Enjoy a horny feeling of wanting sex often!
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- Watch as a woman who has turned her back on sex becomes eager once again! **regular \$75.00**

60 capsules for only **\$49.95**

MOTIVATOR (motivate-her)

Just 1 of these tablets, used as directed, creates intense sexual feelings in women. The action begins about 5 minutes after you use the tablet. Best of all, the effect lasts for about 30 passion-filled minutes! Use these tablets and you'll find the effect is irresistible. **Motivator (motivate-her)** will set her on fire! Thousands of repeat customers since first offered in 1989. Precaution: get her permission before using.

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I'm Peter North (a.k.a. Matt Ramsey) and I promise you "my private formula pills will inject incredible sex performance right into your penis." I've performed in over 800 videos and am known for my sexual endurance in take after take. I personally perfected **Power Pills** using highly concentrated doses of ingredients to ensure this highly charged sex performance day after day. You can have an erection and develop staying power and climax control just like me. That's why 87% of our customers reorder!

30 tablets for **\$18.00** or **SAVE! 120 tablets for only \$35.00**

ECONOMY PACK! SAVE \$49.95!

You get: 60 **MAGNA-RX+**, 60 **Sativol**, 24 **Motivator** & 30 **Power Pills** (regular \$139.90)

all for only **\$89.95**

CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE ANYTIME: 1-800-227-0009

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- ☐ **SATIVOL** (60 capsules) \$49.95
- ☐ **MOTIVATOR** (24 tablets) \$12.00
- ☐ **POWER PILLS** (30 tablets) \$18.00
- ☐ **POWER PILLS** (120 tablets) \$35.00

Total Purchase \$

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Coming Next Month in **HUSTLER**



Snizz Ed.

A study in anatomical perfection awaits in September's HUSTLER. A brunet clit-licker teaches her golden-tressed plaything how to beat the tropical heat by ventilating her slit. A rich bitch instructs her manservant on proper fuck technique and positioning with the help of a strategically placed mirror. A foreign porn siren uses her rosy lips to communicate in the international language. A piss-happy slut soaks a parched ranch hand in a scorching outdoor rut, and a busty computer whiz aches for something more satisfying than Internet sleaze. The filth is flawless in September's totally raw HUSTLER.

Spunk for Sale

Paying the rent by flogging the bishop has been the dream of barely employable deviants for ages. Advertisements geared toward gullible wankers boast incomes of \$750 a month and higher just for whacking off into a plastic cup. In his never-ending quest for supplemental income, HUSTLER reporter Nico Winetrappe was determined to find out whether there was any truth to these offers or if they were just jerking his chain. After being subjected to countless blood tests, medical questionnaires and baby-craving dykes, Winetrappe pries the lid off the jizz-merchant industry in a seedy September feature.

Jizz-Biz Talent Agents

Many a mook has wondered where the young tramps who populate their smut collections come from. Like Hollywood, Pornland is infested with agents and sleazebags desperately hustling to make their slutty discoveries stroke-fodder queens. Features Editor Dan Kapelovitz and reporter Giddle Partridge uncover a rogues' gallery of hucksters who peddle flesh to the industry, including one manager who requires a videotape of himself boffing each of his female clients "for promotional purposes." Don't miss a behind-the-scenes HUSTLER exposé that reveals how the splooge-spattered ladies of XXX end up in front of the cameras.

Labe Ordained

Spend Labor Day with the high priestess of poon, Jeanna Fine, and learn the ways of wayward flesh in *Dear Slut*. The wags behind *Bits & Pieces* unveil another collection of gags and parodies scientifically designed to offend. *Erotic Entertainment* offers a puff piece on how smoking fetishes are lighting up the blue screen and grades a dozen XXX features for depravity. Fall's finest amateurs shed their coats in *Beaver Hunt*. Seasons may change, but September's HUSTLER will always be hard-core.

September 2002
HUSTLER
on sale June 25.

HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at
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